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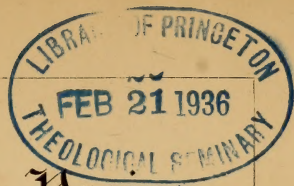
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The Sacrifice of Praise.

“How did I weep in Thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of Thy sweet attuned church! The voices flowed into my ears, and the truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed, and tears ran down and happy was I therein. . . . the brethren zealously joining with harmony of voice and hearts.”

AUGUSTINE, A. D. 390.



The Sacrifice of Praise.

PSALMS, HYMNS,

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP AND PRIVATE DEVOTION,

WITH NOTES ON THE ORIGIN OF HYMNS.

~~~~~  
"BY HIM THEREFORE LET US OFFER THE SACRIFICE OF  
PRAISE CONTINUALLY."—HEBREWS XIII. 15.  
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✓
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Church
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PREFACE.

IN preparing the present Selection of Hymns, those passages of Scripture have been kept in view which teach that the object of praise is to glorify God, Psalm l. 23 ; that the understanding and the spirit are to be exercised in worship, 1 Cor. xiv. 15 ; and that Christians should teach and admonish one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Col. iii. 16.

Many hymns which answer these ends, like many of the inspired Psalms, record the experience of the individual, and reach the congregation through expressions of individual penitence, faith, humility, zeal, love, hope, and joy. They, not infrequently, bear the evidence of having been written during periods of great spiritual activity, and at those times when the soul, pervaded by holy influences, made its nearest approaches to God. Such hymns, the offspring and the parent of revival, are naturally sought when the souls of Christians rise toward those heights which were ascended by the writers, and they have ever been, and must continue to be, the powerful support and comfort of the suffering and the dying. No stronger argument, however, can be found in favor of subjective hymns

Preface.

than that derived from the fact that nearly one half of the inspired Psalms relate more or less to individual experience.

The opinion has become somewhat general that a great improvement may be made in our Hymn Books by omitting the less effective hymns, and by concentrating attention upon a smaller number of the more potent. The present Selection is intended as an effort in that direction. Some hymns have been retained that may be subject to criticism, but their merits are deemed such as to defy ordinary rules. It is believed that no late compilation is more rigidly confined to the productions of such writers as Watts, Doddridge, Toplady, Wesley, Lyte, Cowper, and Heber, and perhaps none embraces so small a proportion by unknown authors. The pith and substance of what is omitted, it is believed, will generally be found aptly expressed in that which is retained. The total number, 616, is no larger than may be perfectly familiar to the pastor, and the arrangement under topics, following each other by a natural sequence, is such as to supersede the necessity for copious indexes. The music adapted to many written in unusual metres, is to be found in English and American collections, and all are suited either for singing or for chanting. It has been deemed best not to encumber this volume with the chants and music designed for this collection, but to publish them separately hereafter.

Undesirable as it would be to present every hymn in full length as originally written, yet it is frequently the case that our finest lyrics have been too much reduced,

Preface.

being shorn of their power, and made, by various transpositions and mutilations, to contravene the principle that we should sing both with the understanding and the heart. It has been said that "a complete hymn should consist of a central creative thought shaping for itself melodious utterance, and with every detail subordinated to its clear and harmonious presentation." It is impossible, therefore, to abstract verses from such lyrics without injury. The fuller and more complete hymn in the glowing language in which it was originally written will often touch the heart, when a meagre selection from its contents, without our being at the time aware of the cause, possesses no such power.

From a critical examination of hymns it appears also that they have frequently been altered, in consequence of an apprehension that the expression of what Mr. Gladstone has called "half truths," might lead to the spread of error. But this apprehension is believed to be groundless, in most cases, since no book so abounds in the bold, unqualified utterance of the various aspects of truth as the Bible. Many lines have therefore been reinstated in this Collection, which appear to have been omitted or to have been altered from this cause. The original text and many important verses have been restored which seem to have been shut out from some late collections, in order to accommodate the music or the page.

All late compilations impress the fact upon us that in many of our churches too little use has been made of the doxologies and chants, which, like the "Gloria in Excelsis," and the "Te Deum," embody doctrines of the church,

Preface.

especially the doctrine of the Trinity. The latest publication by authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, embraces eighty-one chants, whilst their previous compilation did not contain any. The Psalms and the Epistles abound in these doxologies, and the glimpse of the world of light exhibited in Revelations v. 11, 13, shows that such ascriptions of praise are to be gloriously perpetuated there.

It is a significant fact that the structure of the inspired Psalms shows a design to assist the memory. The rhythm of our hymns partially accomplishes the same result. Great spiritual benefit may be derived from committing hymns to memory, as they contain a brief summary of doctrine expressed in a powerful and attractive form. The practice was common in a past age. It tended, not only to increase the faith of our fathers, but also to promote that kind of congregational singing which has declined during periods of apathy in the church, and has again prevailed with each awakening to newness of spiritual life. It is believed that the children of our Sabbath-schools would profit exceedingly by committing to memory many of our stronger hymns, and that such would prove themselves in the end more interesting than that extremely light kind of verse common in some of the Sunday-school compilations.

Long cherished hymns become an invaluable source of comfort, especially to those who are deprived of church privileges and who are called, late in life, to suffer during periods of protracted illness. Such of the longer lyrics as "The God of Abraham praise," and "Your harps, ye

Preface.

trembling saints," afford delightful comfort, and often sweetly illustrate the poet's declaration, —

“ Old tunes are precious to me as old paths
In which I wandered when a happy boy.
In truth they are the old paths of the soul,
Oft trod, well worn, familiar, up to God.”

Finally, the compilers feel deeply sensible of the imperfection of these labors and of their insufficiency for this great work, but they remember with gratitude to God, that success does not depend on human sufficiency but upon the aid of that gracious Helper on whom they have constantly relied, and unto whom they would ascribe all praise.

NEW YORK, *November*, 1869.

This Collection of Hymns was made by a Committee of the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the city of New York. The plan of the work and the manner of its execution have met the approval of clergymen and laymen of other churches.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I AM the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them : for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy ; six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work ; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God ; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day ; Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

The Lord's Prayer.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

When ye Pray, Say:

OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN,
HALLOWED BY THY NAME,
THY KINGDOM COME,
THY WILL BE DONE,
IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

II.

GIVE US THIS DAY
OUR DAILY BREAD,
AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS,
AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS,
AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION,
BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL ;
FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER. AMEN.

After this manner therefore Pray Ye.

The Apostles' Creed.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord ; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into hell ; The third day He rose again from the dead ; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy Catholic Church, The Communion of Saints ; The Forgiveness of sins ; The Resurrection of the body ; And the Life everlasting.

Amen.

The Nicene Creed.

THE NICENE CREED.

WE believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible :

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds ; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father ; By whom all things were made ; Who, for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried ; And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures ; And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead ; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And we believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church ; we acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins ; And we look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the Life of the world to come. Amen.

The Prayer.

THE PRAYER.

O GOD, Father of all, by whose holy word we learn that who so offereth praise glorifieth Thee and by whose gracious gift alone Thy faithful people are enabled to worship in spirit and in truth ; grant that in lowliness of mind and with penitence and faith, we may evermore worship Thee in our sacrifice of praise, to the glory of Thy Name and the comfort of our souls :

O Christ, Son of the Father, who by Thine own example in the flesh, hast given us holy warrant for the singing of hymns, and in whose name we ask for all things ; let Thy Word dwell richly in us in all wisdom, so that teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, we may sing with grace in our hearts unto the Lord :

O Holy Ghost, Divine Comforter, who hast enriched Thy servants with knowledge and utterance ; grant that we, who now devoutly read and sing that which they have consecrated to Thy glory with prayers and tears, may also be made partakers of their spirit, communing with Thy church universal and with Thee, through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

THE
SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.

The Holy Trinity.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and
sky and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Bishop Heber, 1827.

L. M.

- 2 PRAISES to Him whose love has given,
 In Christ, His Son, the Light of Heaven ;
 Who for our darkness gives us light,
 And turns to day our deepest night.
- 2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
 To bear our woe, and sin, and shame ;
 Who lived to die, who died to rise,
 The God-accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Praises to Him the chain who broke,
 Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
 Sent forth its captives glad and free,
 Heirs of an endless liberty.
- 4 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
 Within our hearts the love of God ;
 The Spirit of all truth and peace,
 Fountain of joy and holiness !
- 5 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
 The hands we lift, the knees we bow ;
 To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
 The sinner's endless song of praise.

H. Bonar, 1856.

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- 3 COME, Thou Almighty King !
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise.
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall ;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made ;
Our souls on Thee be stayed ;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word !
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter !
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great ONE IN THREE
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore !
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore !

C. Wesley, 1757.

H. M.

4 I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,

For all my comforts here
 And better hopes above ;
 He sent His own eternal Son
 To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with His blood
 From everlasting woe ;
 And now He lives, and now He reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live ;
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
 Be endless honors done ;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One !
 Where reason fails with all her powers,
 There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

5 FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son ! incarnate Word !
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !

Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy saving grace extend.

- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
To us Thy quickening power extend.

- 4 Jehovah ! Father, Spirit, Son !
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend :
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend !

Cotterill's Sel., 1810-19.

8s & 7s, double.

- 6 **F**ATHER, Thine Elect who lovest
With an everlasting love !
Saviour, who the bar removest
From the holy home above !
Spirit, daily meetness bringing
For the glory there upstored !
List to Thy glad people singing,
“Holy, holy, holy Lord !”

- 2 In this strain what fullness dwelleth ;
How it makes the Godhead known !
Of Thy deepest deep it telleth,
Everlasting Three in One !
Fullest praise Thy saints thus bring Thee,
Meetliest thus art Thou adored ;
This the song they ever sing Thee,
“Holy, holy, holy Lord !”

- 3 Lord ! with sin-bound souls Thou bearest,
Struggling towards this strain divine ;

Glad on mortal lips Thou hearest
 That thrice-awful name of Thine.
 But Thou listenest, O how sweetly !
 When from holy lips outpoured,
 Rings through Heaven this strain full meetly,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

- 4 Shall we, Lord, meet voices never
 Bring to that eternal hymn ?
 Hallow us to help the endeavor
 Of Thy pure-lipped Seraphim !
 Hark ! their own high strain we bring Thee ;
 Listen to the full accord !
 Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.¹

- 7 **G**LORY be to God on high,
 And in earth peace, good will towards men.
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee,
 We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for Thy
 great glory,
 O Lord God, heavenly King,
 God the Father Almighty.
- O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ,
 O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
 That takest away the sins of the world,
 Have mercy upon us.
 Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
 Have mercy upon us.

¹ "This great doxology is of very early origin. It has been attributed to Telesiphorus (A. D. 140). Some think that in it they discover the Hymn alluded to by Pliny in his celebrated letter to the Emperor Trajan (A. D. 100). 'These Christians assemble before sunrise to sing praises to Christ as to God,' " etc.

The Holy Trinity.

[7, 8

Thou that takest away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,
Have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy ;

Thou only art the Lord ;

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost,

Art most high in the glory of God the Father.

Amen.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

8 **W**E praise Thee, O God ; we acknowledge Thee
to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud ; the heavens and all
the powers therein.

To Thee, cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth ;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy
glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee !

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee !

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee !

The holy church throughout all the world, doth acknowledge Thee,

The Father, of an infinite majesty ;

Thine adorable, true, and only Son ; also the Holy
Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ,

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,

Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all
believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory
of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants whom Thou
hast redeemed with Thy precious blood ;
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory
everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage ;
Govern them and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify Thee ;

And we worship Thy name ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us ; have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted ; let me never be con-
founded. Amen.¹

GLORIA PATRI.²

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son :
and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
world without end. Amen.

¹ "Fragments of the 'Te Deum' may have floated Westward from Constantinople, just as the spirit of the early Greek hymns was breathed from Jerusalem ; but there can be little doubt that in its final form this magnificent anthem first awakened the echoes of Ambrose's own Cathedral at Milan (A. D. 390), where a raptured listener was Augustine, and by the Bishop of Hippo it was borne over to Africa. The strain, so devout and stately, ran round the Mediterranean shore and became a metrical creed to Christendom, as well as a daily prayer."—(Dr. JAMES HAMILTON, *of the Presbyterian Church*, London.) Others date it from the 5th or 6th century.

² This doxology was employed by Clement, by Irenæus, and others, during the first two centuries of the Christian era. It is said that the words "as it was in the beginning," etc., were added by the Council of Nicæa (A. D. 325), as a protest against Arianism. In the West it was recited after every Psalm, but at the end of the last only in the East. — Walcott, *Sacred Archaeology*, 1868.

God.

6, 6, & 8, 4.

9 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love !
Jehovah ! Great I Am !
By earth and Heaven confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest !

2 The God of Abraham praise !
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn ;
I on His oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend ;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At His command :
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,

And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

5 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With Mercy crowned.

6 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace !
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns !

7 The God, who reigns on high,
The great Archangels sing,
And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King !
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be !
Jehovah ! Father ! Great I Am !
We worship Thee !"

Thomas Olivers, 1770.

PSALM C. L. M

10 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep, He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

*Attributed to William Kethe, who was an exile with
Knox at Geneva, 1561.*

PSALM C. L. M.

- 11 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world, is Thy command,
Vast as eternity, Thy love ;
Firm as a rock, Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

- 12 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise Thy name with one accord ;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

- 2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high :
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee !
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore !

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

PSALM CL. 7s.

- 13 **P**RAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,

- Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love !
- 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !
- 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;
Praise His providence and grace —
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.
- 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts :
All that breathe, your Lord adore ;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

6s & 4s.

- 14 **G**LORY to God on high,
Let praises fill the sky !
Praise ye His name.
Angels His name adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”
- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name.
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread His dear fame abroad :
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

- 3 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

James Allen, 1760.

C. M.

- 15 MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights,
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights :
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet Morning-star,
And He my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe :
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PSALM CIII. S. M.

16 O BLESS the Lord, my soul ;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless His name,
 Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
 Nor let His mercies lie,
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
 'Tis He relieves thy pain ;
 'Tis He who heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave ;
 He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
 Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest :
 The Lord hath judgment for the proud
 And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world His truth and grace,
 By His beloved Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXLVI. L. M.

17 PRAISE ye the Lord ; my heart shall join
 In works so pleasant, so divine,
 Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.
- 3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 4 His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 6 He loves His saints ; He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CIII. S. M.

18 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 3 His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXLV. L. M.

- 19 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream :
Thy mercy swift ; Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine ;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of Thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXLVI. L. P. M.

- 20 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor ;
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,

The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXXVI. 7s.

21 **L**ET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
 Looked upon our misery:
 For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 7 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
 For His mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1623.

PSALM LXV. L. M.

- 22** PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
 Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
 All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
 And find, through Christ, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
 O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
 And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
 How surely kept! how richly fed!
 Saviour of all in earth and sea,
 How happy they who rest in Thee!
- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
 Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
 Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
 And earth Thy bounty wide displays.
- 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
 Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
 Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
 And Nature smiles and owns her King.

- 6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour :
The moral waste within restore :
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PSALM CXVII. S. M.

- 23 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.

- 2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure ;
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXVII. L. M.

- 24 **F**ROM all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 25 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright !

- How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
- 4 O how I fear Thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art ;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like Thee ;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.
- 7 Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is !
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss.
- 8 Father of Jesus, Love's Reward !
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee !

F. W. Faber, 1849.

PSALM CIII. L. M.

26 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favors claim thy highest praise ;
 Why should the wonders He hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

3 'Tis He, my soul, who sent His Son,
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess ;
 Let the whole earth adore His grace :
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M.

27 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 To God I cried when troubles rose ;
 He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffused through all my soul.

3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
 Upheld and guarded by Thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows and from sins ;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

- 28** J EHOVAH reigns ; His throne is high,
 His robes are light and majesty :
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
 His justice guards His holy law ;
 His love reveals a smiling face ;
 His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
 His power is sovereign to fulfill
 The noblest counsels of His will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend ?
 Then let my songs with angels join ;
 Heaven is secure, if God is mine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XVIII. C. M.

- 29** T HE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high ;
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.

- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally He rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord will give His people strength,
Whereby they shall increase ;
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace.
- 5 Give glory to His awful name,
And honor Him alone ;
Give worship to His majesty,
Upon His holy throne.

Thomas Sternhold, 1540.

PSALM XCIII. H. M.

- 30 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law ;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works,
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs :
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfill
 His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will He write His name,
 “My Father, and my Friend ?”
 I love His name ; I love His word :
 Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord !

Isaac Watts, 1709.

8s & 6s.

31 ETERNAL light ! eternal light !
 How pure the soul must be,
 When, placed within Thy searching sight,
 It shrinks not, but with calm delight
 Can live and look on Thee.

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
 May bear the burning bliss ;
 But that is surely theirs alone,
 Since they have never, never known
 A fallen world like this.

3 O, how shall I, whose native sphere
 Is dark, whose mind is dim,
 Before the Ineffable appear,
 And on my naked spirit bear
 That uncreated beam.

4 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode ;

An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

- 5 These, these prepare us for the light
Of majesty above :
The sons of ignorance and night
Can stand in the eternal light
Through the eternal love.

T. Binney, 1826.

C. M.

- 32 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made :
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view ;
To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God, there's nothing new.

- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

- 5 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee !

Isaac Watts, 1709.

“Secretissime et Præsentissime.”

“Most Hidden and Most Manifest.” — *Augustine.*

L. M.

- 33** **O** DREADFUL glory that doth make
Thick darkness round the Heavenly Throne,
Through which no angel-eye may break,
Wherein the Lord doth dwell alone !
- 2** What secret place, what distant star
Is like, dread Lord, to Thine abode?
Why dwellest Thou from us so far?
We yearn for Thee, Thou Hidden God.
- 3** Vain searchers ! but we need not mourn :
We need not stretch our weary wings ;
Thou meetest us where'er we turn ;
Thou beamest, Lord, from all bright things.
- 4** But sweetest, Lord, dost Thou appear
In the dear Saviour's smiling face :
The Heavenly Majesty draws near
And offers us its kind embrace.
- 5** To us, vain searchers after God,
To us the Holy Ghost doth come ;
From us Thou hidest Thine abode ;
But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home.
- 6** O Glory that no eye may bear !
O Presence Bright, our souls' sweet guest !
O Farthest off, O ever Near !
Most Hidden and Most Manifest !

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

- 34** **J**EHOVAH reigns ! He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might ;

The world, created by His hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies :
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !
At Thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall Thy throne endure :
Thy promise stand forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of Thy grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XC. C. M.

- 35** OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.
 - 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God ;
To endless years the same.
 - 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“ Return, ye sons of men ;”

- All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM LXXXIX. C. M.

- 36 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at His word.
- 2 How terrible Thy glories be ;
How bright Thine armies shine !
Where is the power that vies with Thee,
Or truth compared to Thine !
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On Thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;

Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are Thine,
And the dark world of hell ;
How did Thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel !
- 6 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace ;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 37** **T**HE Lord our God is clothed with might ;
The winds obey His will ;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night ; your force combine ;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend ; in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,

And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

PSALM CXXXIX. C. M.

38 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest ;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide !
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

39 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

- 40 **A**WAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing :
Praise Him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast His knowledge ! how profound !
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned !
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak His wisdom all divine.

- 4 But in redemption, oh, what grace !
 Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace !
 Here wisdom shines forever bright :
 Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

J. Needham, 1768.

C. M.

- 41 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal King :
 "Thrice holy Lord !" the angels cry ;
 "Thrice holy !" let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay, O my soul ! to God ;
 Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart,
 To His sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
 A broken heart shall please Him more
 Than noblest forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free ;
 The pure in heart are Thy delight,
 And they Thy face shall see.

J. Needham, 1768.

PSALM CXLV. C. M.

- 42 **S**WEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King ;
 Let age to age Thy righteousness,
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high ; but ne'er confines
 His goodness to the skies :

Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But saints, who taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXXVI. L. M.

43 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise :
Mercy and truth are all His ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever will endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :

His mercies ever will endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent His Son with power to save,
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat :
His mercies ever will endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

44 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
The truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;

There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in Thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

8s & 7s.

- 45 **G**OD is love ; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom His brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere His glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

PSALM CVII. L. M.

- 46 **G**IVE thanks to God ; He reigns above ;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love :
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 4 O, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great His works ! how kind His ways !
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CIII. L. M.

- 47** **T**HE Lord ! how wondrous are His ways !
How firm His truth ! how large His grace !
He takes His mercy for His throne,
And thence He makes His glories known.
- 2 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
 - 3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.
 - 4 How slowly doth His wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies :
Or, if He lets His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn !

- 5 His everlasting love is sure
To all His saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age His truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M.

- 48 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel, and His care
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs ;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PSALM XXXIII. C. M.

- 49 **L**ET all the just, to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise ;

- For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 For, faithful is the word of God ;
His works with truth abound :
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crowned.
- 3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand forever sure ;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.
- 4 Our soul on God with patience waits ;
Our help and shield is He :
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.
- 5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

C. M.

- 50 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing :
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;

The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

- 4 O, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts, 1709

PSALM XIX. L. M.

51 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;

For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

Jos. Addison, 1712.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

52 O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
 In heaven and earth the same !
 There angels at Thy footstool bow,
 Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

2 When glorious in the nightly sky
 Thy moon and stars I see,
 O, what is man ! I wondering cry,
 To be so loved by Thee !

3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
 New mercies from on high ;
 Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,
 For him in pain to die.

4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
 His favored path is trod ;
 And all beside are serving him,
 That he may serve his God.

5 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
 In heaven and earth the same !
 There angels at Thy footstool bow,
 Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PSALM XCIII. S. P. M.

53 THE Lord Jehovah reigns
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned ;
 Arrayed in robes of light,

Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by Thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey Thy word :
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky :
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky :
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down :
Thy throne forever stands on high.

4 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, Thy Church shall ne'er remove :
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

54 **T**HE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?

- 3 The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just :
Holy and true are all His ways :
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
- 5 One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours :
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder, 1850.

L. M.

- 55 COME, O my soul ! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But O, what tongue can speak His fame !
What mortal verse can reach the theme !
- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He, glory, like a garment, wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing ;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song !

Dr. Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

C. M.

- 56 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave — to be.
- 3 Chained to His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men ;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.
- 4 His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine ;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.
- 5 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.
- 6 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes —
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.
- 7 In Thy fair book of life and grace
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

C. M.

- 57 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1779.

PSALM XXIII. L. M. 6 lines.

- 58 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;

His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Jos. Addison, 1712.

PSALM XXIII. S. M.

59 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,

Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CVII. C. M.

60 **H**OW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defense !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,

They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will ;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

Jos. Addison, 1712.

C. M.

- 61 **O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
That has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run,
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee ;

- I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil !
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland, 1777.

PSALM XXIII. 7s.

- 62 **T**O Thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend ;

And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick, 1765.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

63 **T**HE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.

2 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

3 My soul He doth restore again ;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for His own name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill :
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

5 My table Thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

6 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me :
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

Rouse's Ver., 1645.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

64 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,

- The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His name !
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.
- 5 O, make but trial of His love :
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make ye His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

PSALM IX. L. M.

- 65 **U**PHOLD me, Lord, too prone to stray,
Uphold me in Thy narrow way ;
From sin and folly bid me flee,
And turn from all who turn from Thee.
- 2 The cloud and pillar of Thy word,
Be this my guide, my comfort, Lord,

By day, by night at hand to bless,
And lead me through the wilderness.

3 So shall I flourish like a tree
Planted, and watched, and nursed by Thee,
With streams of grace around its roots,
And bending low with holy fruits.

4 So shall I go from light to light,
Till prayer is praise, and faith is sight ;
And while the sinner's doom I see,
Adore the grace that rescued me !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

L. M.

66 **B**Y faith in Christ I walk with God,
With Heaven, my journey's end, in view ;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

3 The wilderness affords no food ;
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

4 With Him sweet converse I maintain ;
Great as He is, I dare be free ;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

5 Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;

At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

- 6 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end ;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.
John Newton, 1779.

C. M.

- 67** **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart !
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man :
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;

And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

8 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

9 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity 's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Jos. Addison, 1712.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

68 **M**Y God, what monuments I see
In all around of Thine and Thee !
I view Thee in the heavens above ;
More high than these is heavenly love.

2 I mark the strong eternal hill,
Thy faithfulness is stronger still.
I gaze on ocean deep and broad,
More deep Thy counsels are, O God.

3 O give me 'neath Thy wings to rest,
To lean on Thy parental breast,
To feed on Thee, the living bread,
And drink at mercy's fountain head.

4 The springs of life are all Thine own,
They flow from Thy eternal throne :

Light in Thy light alone we see,
O save us, for we rest on Thee !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PSALM LXXVIII. C. M.

69 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practice His commands.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

70 **O** GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present,
Before Thy throne of grace :

God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide :
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

PSALM XLVI. L. M.

71 **G**OD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;

Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls :
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXI. H. M.

72 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :

God is the tower		His grace is nigh
To which I fly ;		In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears :
Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And Thou my shade, | By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come, | Till, from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.
Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XCI. 8s & 7s.

- 73** **C**ALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
In His secret habitation,
Dwell, and never be dismayed :
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense :
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

- 4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above.
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save ;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1822.

PSALM XVIII. L. M.

- 74 **N**O change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;
 For Thou hast always been my rock
 A fortress and defense to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
 My trust is in Thy mighty power :
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
 To whom all praise we justly owe ;
 So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
 Be guarded safe from every foe.
- 4 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
 The rock on whose defense I rest !
 To highest heavens His name be raised,
 Who me with His salvation blest !
- 5 My God, to celebrate Thy fame,
 My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise ;
 And nations, strangers to Thy name,
 Shall learn to sing Thy glorious praise.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

S. M.

75 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call ;
I cannot live, if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss :
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesu is.

3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PSALM CXXV. C. M.

76 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be ;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

- 3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of paradise,
 Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM LXXIII. C. M.

- 77 **G**OD, my Supporter, and my Hope,
 My Help forever near ;
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through life's dark wilderness ;
 Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
 To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,
 The strength of every saint.
- 5 Aye to draw near to Thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXI. L. M.

- 78 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The eternal hills beyond the skies ;

Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood :
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day ;
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM LXXXVIII. 7s & 6s.

79 **L**ORD God of my salvation,
To Thee, to Thee I cry ;

O let my supplication
 Arrest Thine ear on high.
 Distresses round me thicken,
 My life draws nigh the grave ;
 Descend, O Lord, to quicken,
 Descend my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
 Thy billows o'er me roll ;
 My friends all seem to shun me,
 And foes beset my soul.
 Where'er on earth I turn me,
 No comforter is near ;
 Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me ?
 Wilt Thou refuse to hear ?

3 No ! banished and heart-broken
 My soul still clings to Thee ;
 The promise Thou hast spoken
 Shall still my refuge be.
 So present ills and terrors
 May future joy increase ;
 And scourge me from my errors
 To duty, hope, and peace.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PSALM III. L. M.

80 **L**ORD, how the troublers of my peace
 Within me and around increase !
 What faithless doubts my heart assail,
 That Thou wilt slight, and they prevail !

2 But, Lord, my spirit hangs on Thee :
 My hope, my shelter, Thou shalt be :
 O Thou who from Thy holy hill
 Hast heard, O hear me, help me still !

- 3 Beneath Thy wing secure I sleep ;
What foe can harm when Thou dost keep ?
I wake and find Thee at my side,
My omnipresent Guard and Guide !
- 4 O why should earth or hell distress,
With God so strong, so nigh to bless ?
From Him alone salvation flows ;
On Him alone, my soul repose !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

7s.

- 81 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When God spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heaven and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice :
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

- 6 Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
 Father, unto Thee we raise,
 Jesu, glory unto Thee,
 With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

James Montgomery, 1820.

PSALM CIV. 105 & 115.

- 82 **O** WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
 O gratefully sing His power and His love ;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
 His chariots of wrath deep thunder clouds form,
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
 Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1830.

Jesus Christ.

IIS & IOS.

- 83** **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Bishop Heber, 1811.

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

- 84** **J**OY to the world ! the Lord is come :
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns :
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His righteousness,
 And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

8 of 7.

- 85 **H**ARK, how all the welkin rings,
 “ Glory to the King of kings ;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled ! ”
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 Universal nature say,
 “ Christ the Lord is born to-day.”
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored ;
 Christ the everlasting Lord :
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin’s womb !
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail, the incarnate Deity !
 Pleased as Man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel here.

- 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
Rise, the Woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore ;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.
- 5 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface,
Stamp Thy image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Inner Man :
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

C. Wesley, 1739.

C. M.

86 **W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;

“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

- 2 “To you, in David’s town, this day
Is born, of David’s line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.”
- 3 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :
“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.”

Nahum Tate, 1703.

C. M.

- 87 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and O, amazing love !
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled ;

Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains ;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold !
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

88 **H**ARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song !

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of His grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy belovéd name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

L. M.

- 89** ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord!
 Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood ;
 Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
 While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.
- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow ;
 A virgin's arms contain Thee now :
 Angels who did in Thee rejoice
 Now listen for Thine infant voice.
- 3 A little child Thou art our guest,
 That weary ones in Thee may rest ;
 Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
 That we may rise to heaven from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night
 To make us children of the light, —
 To make us, in the realms divine,
 Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.
- 5 All this for us Thy love hath done ;
 By this to Thee our love is won :
 For this we tune our cheerful lays,
 And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther, 1523.

8s & 7s.

90 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free :
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley, 1744.

L. M.

91 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates !
Behold, the King of glory waits ;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side ;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3 O, blest the land, the city blest
Where Christ, the Ruler is confessed !
O, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes.

- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
- 5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
 My heart to Thee : here, Lord, abide !
 Let me Thy inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my Sovereign ! enter in ;
 Let new and nobler life begin :
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
 Until the glorious crown be won.

George Weissel, 1630.

L. M.

- 92** O WONDROUS type, O vision fair,
 Of glory that the Church shall share,
 Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
 Where brighter than the sun He glows !
- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
 How with the three disciples there,
 Where Moses and Elias meet,
 The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 The Law and Prophets there have place,
 Two chosen witnesses of grace ;
 The Father's voice from out the cloud
 Proclaims His Only Son aloud.
- 4 With shining face and bright array,
 Christ deigns to manifest to-day
 What glory shall be theirs above,
 Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

6 O Father, with the eternal Son
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face. Amen.

Translated and altered from the Latin, by Dr. J. Mason Neale, 1851.

L. M.

93 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word ;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

94 **H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,

When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest : "
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

7s.

95 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see :
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time, —
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished ! hear Him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom :
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ; — He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1822.

L. M.

96 **H**OW beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !

- 2 O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light, —
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?
- 3 O who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee ;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 O, in Thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God !

A. C. Cox, 1840.

8s & 6s.

97 **B**EYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane ;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men ;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts His mournful eyes above :
“ My Father, can this cup remove ? ”

3 With gentle resignation still
He yielded to His Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ;
“ Behold Me here, Thine only Son ;
And, Father, let Thy will be done.”

4 The Father heard ; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow like Him in prayer.

S. F. Smith, 1843.

L. M.

98 **'T**IS midnight ; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;

The Sufferings and Death. [98, 99

- 'Tis midnight ; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and, from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears ;
Even that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight, — and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know :
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
- W. B. Tappan, 1819.*

C. M.

- 99 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

100 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s & 6s.

101 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,

Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine !
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain :
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide :
My Lord of Life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
O make me Thine forever ;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee !

5 And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me !

When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throe,
 Release me from mine anguish,
 By Thine own pain and woe !

- 6 Be near me when I'm dying :
 O show Thy cross to me !
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move ;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through Thy love.

*S. Bernard, of Clairvaux, 1100 ; Tr. by Gerhardt,
 1666 ; J. W. Alexander, 1840.*

7s.

- 102 **S**URELY Christ thy griefs has borne ;
 Weeping soul no longer mourn :
 View Him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out His life for thee.
- 2 Weary sinner keep thine eyes
 On the atoning sacrifice ;
 There the incarnate Deity,
 Numbered with transgressors see.
- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
 Find Him mighty to redeem ;
 At His feet thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and cares away.
- 4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
 Ere I can by faith be healed ;

The Sufferings and Death. [102-104

Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me.

A. M. Toplady, 1770.

S. M.

103 **S**INNER, come up with me,
Here fix thy weeping eye :
Ascend in heart to Calvary,
And see Immanuel die.

2 O bathe with Magdalen
His sacred feet with tears :
By faith embrace thy Master slain,
With sorrow great as hers.

3 The victim bled for thee ;
Slight not His dying cries :
The precious blood He shed must be
Thy passport to the skies.

4 O tarry not, make haste,
Ensure thy claim to heaven :
Up ! trim thy lamp ! Love much who hast
So much to be forgiven !

A. M. Toplady, 1776.

7s.

104 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery, 1812.

S. M.

105 O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See ! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend !
See ! down His face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend.

3 Hark ! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight ;
That cry, it pierced His mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

4 Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro ;
Tombs burst ; seas, rivers, mountains quake ;
The veil is rent in two.

5 The sun withdraws his light,
The midday heavens grow pale,
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

The Resurrection and Ascension. [105, 106

- 6 Shall man alone be mute ?
Come, youth and hoary hairs,
Come, rich and poor, come, all mankind,
And bathe those feet in tears !
- 7 Come, fall before His cross
Who shed for us His blood ;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Translated from the Latin by Edward Caswall, 1849.

7s.

- 106 “CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,”
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply.
- 2 Love’s redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo ! our Sun’s eclipse is o’er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ has burst the gates of hell !
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, boasting Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies !

C. Wesley, 1739.

7s.

107 CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
 Christ hath broken every chain ;
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah !

2 He who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry :
 Hallelujah !

3 He who slumbered in the grave
 Is exalted now to save ;
 Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings :
 Hallelujah !

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restored,
 How the penitent forgiven,
 How we too may enter heaven :
 Hallelujah !

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Christ, Thy ransomed people feed !
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye,
 Hallelujah !

Easter Hymn of the Bohemian Church, 1531.

Translated by Catherine Winkworth.

7s.

108 ANGELS, roll the rock away !
 Death, yield up the mighty prey !

The Resurrection and Ascension. [108, 109]

See, the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

- 2 Shout, ye seraphs ; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
- 3 Saints on earth lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see Him rise ;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide :
Mighty Conqueror, through them ride ;
King of glory, take Thy throne ;
Boundless empire is Thine own.
- 5 Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee
Now and evermore shall be.

Thomas Scott, 1769.

L. M.

109 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

- 2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree :
The Lord of glory dies for men.
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
Up to His Father's court He flies :

Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.
- 5 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where, now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s.

- 110 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom:
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears:
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.
- 3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
See the place where Jesus lay!
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

Dr. W. Bengo Collyer, 1812.

The Resurrection and Ascension. [111, 112]

PSALM XXIV. C. M.

111 **L**IFT up your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory : see ! He comes
With His celestial train.

2 Who is this King of glory — who ?
The Lord, for strength renowned ;
In battle mighty : o'er His foes
Eternal victor crowned.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory : see ! He comes
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of glory — who ?
The Lord of hosts renowned :
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

PSALM LXVIII. L. M.

112 **L**ORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky ;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

- 4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XXIV. L. M.

- 113** **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory — who ?
The Lord that all His foes o’ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 6 Who is the King of glory — who ?
The Lord of glorious power possess ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

C. Wesley, 1739.

The Resurrection and Ascension. [114, 115]

7s.

114 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

3 See He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below !

4 Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see
Ever gazing up to Thee.

5 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

C. Wesley, 1739.

C. M.

115 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who clothed Himself in clay !
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose ;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
 And to His Father flies,
 With scars of honor in His flesh,
 And triumph in His eyes !
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And scatters blessings down ;
 From the right hand of Majesty
 On the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach His blest abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings ;
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heaven, and all created things,
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

- 116 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 And now, before His Father, God,
 Pleads the full merits of His blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And Justice armed with frowns appears ;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet Mercy smiles, and all is peace.

Intercession and Reign of Christ. [116, 117

- 3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts :
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On Him our humble hopes depend ;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

Anne Steele, 1760.

L. M.

- 117 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears ;
The Patron of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part :
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aid of heavenly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1745.

C. M.

118 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bosom glows with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For He has felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood ;
 While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
 And did resist to blood.

- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out His cries and tears ;
 And in His measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and His power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

119 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High-Priest above,

Intercession and Reign of Christ. [119, 120

And celebrate His constant care,
His sympathy and love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
With matchless honor crowned ;

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart ;
Nor shall a name once treasured there
E'er from His care depart.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast,
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge, 1738.

C. M.

120 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780.

C. M.

121 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His, — is His by right ;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;

Intercession and Reign of Christ. [121, 122

Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

- 6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

8s & 7s.

122 HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, thou Galilean King !

Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring :
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame ;
By Thy merits we find favor ;
Life is given through Thy Name !

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid ;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give !
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise !
- 5 Soon we shall, with those in glory,
 His transcendent grace relate ;
 Gladly sing the amazing story
 Of His dying love so great :
 In that blessed contemplation
 We for evermore shall dwell,
 Crowned with bliss and consolation,
 Such as none below can tell.

John Bakewell, 1760.

PSALM LXXII. L. M.

- 123** JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His Head ;
 His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.

Intercession and Reign of Christ. [123, 124

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 124** SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord His way.

5 Behold, He comes, He comes to bless
The nations, as their God ;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

6 But when His voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near ;
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

8s & 7s.

125 **H**ARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above ;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, He sits on yonder throne !
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth :
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever !
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own :
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Chosen to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing !
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away !

The Light of the World. [125-127

Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory, to our King!"

Thomas Kelly, 1836.

PSALM LXXII. L. M.

126 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shade of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

8s & 7s.

127 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by Thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

- 3 Still we wait for Thy appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 Come, extend Thy wonted favor
 To our ruined, guilty race ;
 Come, Thou blest, exalted Saviour,
 Come, apply Thy saving grace.
- 5 By Thine all-atoning merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 By the teachings of Thy Spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

C. Wesley, 1744.

7s.

- 128** CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Day-spring from on high, be near ;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief :
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day !

C. Wesley, 1740.

The Light of the World. [129, 130]

C. M.

129 PRAISE to the radiant Source of bliss,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wondering eyes
A flood of sacred light.

2 In paths unknown He leads them on
To His divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace
Through all the heavenly road.

3 The ways all rugged and perplexed
He renders smooth and straight,
And strengthens every feeble knee
To march to Zion's gate.

4 Through all the path I'll sing His Name,
Till I the Mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
And anthems never end !

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

L. M.

130 WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and for evermore,
 The Star ! — the Star of Bethlehem !

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

7s.

- 131** **H**OLY Jesus, Saviour blest,
 When, by passion strong possest,
 Through this world of sin we stray,
 Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Jesus, when like night
 Error dims our clouded sight,
 Through the mists of sin to shine
 Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power
 Fails us in temptation's hour,
 All unequal to the strife,
 Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach his heavenly home,
 Who would to the Father come,
 And His glorious presence see,
 Jesus, he must come by Thee.

Bishop Mant, 1837.

C. M.

132 **T**HOU art the Way : to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death, nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way — the Truth — the Life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824.

C. M.

133 **T**O Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
O let the feeblest of Thy flock
Attempt to sing Thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To Thy amazing love ;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed ;

Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale
With double horrors spread,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

5 Lead on, dear Shepherd, led by Thee,
No evil shall I fear :
Soon shall I reach Thy fold above,
And praise Thee better there.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1765.

PSALM LXXI. C. M.

134 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march, with courage, in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness ;
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !

Our Friend and Refuge. [134-136]

My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers !
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

8s & 7s.

- 135** ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

- 3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name ;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

- 4 O, for grace our hearts to soften ;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

John Newton, 1779.

L. M. 6 lines.

- 136** WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;

- He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well ;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.
- 4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead !
- 6 And O ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died !
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !

Sir Robert Grant, 1839.

C. M.

137 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief ;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet ;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord ! they should all be Thine.

Dr. Samuel Stennett, 1772.

7s double.

138 **J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,

While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none :
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo, on Thee I cast my care.
Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :

Our Friend and Refuge. [138, 139

Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art :
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley, 1740.

6s & 4s.

139 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide !
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,

Blest Saviour then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul !

Ray Palmer, 1840.

7s.

140 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. Toplady, 1776.

Our Friend and Refuge. [141, 142

L. M.

- 141** **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend ;
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah ! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord ?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life Thy words impart ;
On these my fainting spirit lives :
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
While Thou art near, in vain they call ;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name, my inmost powers adore ;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care :
Depart from Thee ! — 'tis death, 'tis more —
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair !
- 6 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie ;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine :
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

PSALM LXI. S. M.

- 142** **W**HEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of Thy wings
 My shelter and my shade !
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
 Forever I'll abide :
 Thou art the tower of my defense,
 The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear Thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M. double.

- 143** **T**HOU very present Aid
 In suffering and distress,
 The soul which still on Thee is stayed,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
 The soul by faith reclined
 On his Redeemer's breast,
 Midst raging storms, exults to find
 An everlasting rest.
- 2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er Thy face appears ;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
 It hallows every cross ;
 It sweetly comforts me ;
 And makes me now forget my loss,
 And lose myself in Thee.

Our Friend and Refuge. [143, 144

3 Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind.
In deep affliction blest
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distrest,
Thine all-sufficient Love.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
In vain the creature-streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.
Stript of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One ;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

C. Wesley, 1749.

C. M.

144 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;

And still my soul would cleave to Thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

C. M.

- 145 I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause ;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

- 2 Jesus, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust :
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face ;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

11S.

- 146 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word ;
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

Our Friend and Refuge. [146, 147

- 2 In every condition, — in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed ;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid :
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flames shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake !

George Keith, (?) 1787.

C. M.

- 147 **O**PPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee ;
Beneath its shelter take my seat :
No shade like this for me !

- 2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
 A fountain sparkling free ;
 And there I quench my desert thirst ;
 No spring like this for me !
- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
 Beneath this spreading tree ;
 Here shall my pilgrim life be spent :
 No home like this for me !
- 4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
 Beside that cross I see ;
 I here cast off my weariness :
 No rest like this for me !

H. Bonar, 1857.

C. M.

- 148** **T**HE Saviour ! O, what endless charms
 Dwell in that blissful sound !
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Wrapt in the gloom of dark despair,
 We helpless, hopeless lay ;
 But sovereign mercy reached us there,
 And smiled despair away.
- 3 The almighty Former of the skies
 Stooped to our vile abode ;
 While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
 And hailed the incarnate God.
- 4 O the rich depths of love divine !
 Of bliss a boundless store !
 Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine ;
 I cannot wish for more.

Our Friend and Refuge. [148, 149]

- 5 On Thee alone my hope relies ;
 Beneath Thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All.

Anne Steele, 1760.

6s & 4s.

149 **F**IERCE was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glittered white,
Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was high ;
Then said the GOD of GOD,
 “Peace ! It is I.”

- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest !
Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
 “Peace ! It is I !”

- 3 **J**ESUS, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me :
Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea :
Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth, —
 “Peace ! It is I !” Amen.

Anatolius, died 458 ; translated by J. M. Neale.

S. M.

150 **L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found ;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God ;
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide ;
There, sweet shall be thy rest ;
And, every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1823.

8s & 7s.

151 **I**N the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

Our Friend and Refuge. [151, 152

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

C. M.

- 152** I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast :"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living-water ! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream :
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light :
 Look unto Me ; thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar, 1857.

L. M. 6 lines.

- 153 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am while Thou art mine :
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above :
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love :
 To me, with Thy great name, are given
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art ;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The medicine of my broken heart ;
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown :
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;

In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

C. Wesley, 1741.

L. M.

154 JESUS ! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies ;
Even then shall this be all my plea :
“ Jesus hath lived and died for me.”

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 O, let the dead now hear Thy voice ;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress —
Jesus ! Thy blood and righteousness !

Count Zinzendorf, translated by C. Wesley, 1740

C. M.

155 JESUS ! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind !

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

*Bernard of Clairvaux, Twelfth Century ;
translated by E. Caswall, 1849.*

L. M.

156 JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All !

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still !
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !

Bernard, translated by Ray Palmer, 1858.

C. P. M.

157 **O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine :
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, glorious dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord, will bring me home,
And I shall see His face :

Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

C. M.

158 JESUS, I love Thy charming name ;
'Tis music to mine ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath ;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

7s.

159 HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :

“Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?

2 “ I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 “ Can a woman’s tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee !

4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 “ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me ?”

6 Lord ! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore !
O ! for grace to love Thee more !

W. Cowper, 1779.

C. M.

160 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer’s ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;

- 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

C. M.

- 161 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine !
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine !
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;

And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone ;
I love Thee, dearest Lord ! and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art !

Ray Palmer, 1858.

C. M.

162 MY God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby ;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself ; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ !
Should I not love Thee well ;

- Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord !
- 6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.
- Xavier, 1550 ; translated by E. Caswall, 1849.*

7s.

- 163** JESUS, Jesus, visit me,
How my soul longs after Thee !
When, my best, my dearest Friend,
Shall our separation end ?
- 2 Lord, my longings never cease,
Without Thee I find no peace ;
'Tis my constant cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.
- 3 Mean the joys of earth appear,
All below is dark and drear ;
Nought but Thy beloved voice
Can my wretched heart rejoice.
- 4 Thou alone, my gracious Lord,
Art my shield and great reward ;
All my hope, my Saviour Thou,
To Thy sovereign will I bow.
- 5 Come, inhabit then my heart,
Purge its sin, and heal its smart ;

See, I ever cry to Thee,
Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

- 6 Patiently I wait Thy day ;
For this gift alone I pray,
That when death shall visit me
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

Angelus, 1660 ; translated by R. P. Dunn.

L. M.

- 164** JESUS ! and shall it ever be !
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days ?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 'Tis evening with my soul till He
Bright Morning Star bids darkness flee ;
He sheds the beams of morn divine
O'er all this midnight soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; — when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !

And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

Joseph Grigg, 1735

L. M.

- 165** NOT yet, ye people of His grace,
 Ye see your Saviour face to face ;
Not yet enamored eyes ye bring
 Unto the glory of your King.
- 2 Ye follow in His steps below,
 Along His thorny way ye go,
Ye stand His bitter cross beside,
 Ye cling to Him, the Crucified.
- 3 Upon His grace ye banquet here :
 Ye know Him true, ye feel Him near ;
The balm of His dear blood ye bless ;
 Ye wear His robe of righteousness.
- 4 But greater shall the wonder grow,
 But mightier shall the joy o'erflow ;
Upon your Lord ye yet shall gaze
 And look your love and sweet amaze.
- 5 O make me meet for joy like this !
 O ! grant me grace to bear the bliss,
To set my heart on Thee below,
 Nor other lord or love to know.
- 6 Then shall I set mine eyes on Thee ;
 The King in all His beauty see,
And gazing on for evermore,
 Glow with the beauty I adore.

Thomas H. Gill, 1859.

S. M.

166 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb !
Tune every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name !

2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power :
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing !
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the Eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come !"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, 1745.

C. M.

167 **O**FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace !
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

C. Wesley, 1740.

L. M.

168 WHAT equal honors shall we bring,
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to Thy name ?

- 2 Worthy is He, who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

- 3 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss ;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.
- 4 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men !
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

- 169 COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

170 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell ;
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed ;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace ;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing ;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

171 **C**OME, Thou Desire of all Thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,

While with our praises and complaints
Low at Thy feet we bend.

- 2 When we Thy wondrous glories hear,
And all Thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear,
What rich unbounded grace !
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies !
- 4 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame,
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.
- 6 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home !

Anne Steele, 1760.

C. M.

172 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood ?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
Thy Father smiles again ;

- 'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find :
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin :
His name forbids my slavish fear ;
His grace removes my sin.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

6s & 4s.

- 173** COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad,
Spread Jesus' fame :
Tell what His love hath done ;
Trust in His name alone ;
Shout to His lofty throne,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "
- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !
Dry up your mournful tears ;
Join our glad theme :
Beauty for ashes bring ;
Strike each melodious string ;
Join heart and voice to sing,
" Worthy the Lamb ! "

- 3 Hark ! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His name !
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
“ Worthy the Lamb ! ”

James Boden, 1801.

L. M.

- 174 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, God is Love ;
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup ;
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light ;
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

The Holy Spirit.

8s & 4s.

- 175** OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His last farewell,
A guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.
- 3 He comes, His graces to impart,
A willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even ;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And all the good that we possess,
His gift we own ;
Yea, every thought of holiness,
And victory won.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace !
Our weakness see ;
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee !

Harriet Auber, 1829.

L. M.

- 176** ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace ;

The Holy Spirit. [176, 177

Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God, the Father, and the Son.

- 2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
All our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice ;
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

- 177** COME, O Creator-Spirit blest !
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
- 2 Great Comforter ! to Thee we cry ;
O highest gift of God most high !
O Fount of life ! O Fire of love !
And sweet anointing from above !
 - 3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.
 - 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead ;

So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Veni Creator Spiritus. Translated by E. Caswall.

L. M.

- 178** COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove ;
Be Thou my light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way ;
Plant holy fear within mine heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.
- 4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray ;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.
- 5 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.
- 6 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be,
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

Simon Browne, 1720.

C. M.

179 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys !
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise :
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great !

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers !
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

180 BLEST Comforter Divine !
Let rays of heavenly love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with Thy still small voice,
From every sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter ! to us impart
These blessings of Thy grace.

Anon.

S. M.

181 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the Mighty God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee !

Joseph Hart, 1759.

7s.

182 **H**OLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away ;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

S. M.

183 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,

And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery, 1819.

C. M.

184 SPIRIT of Truth ! on this Thy day,
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;

Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

- 5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, with hope, with love.

Bishop Heber, 1827.

C. M.

185 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

186 **C**OME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let Thy God-like power be known.

- 2 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise,
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 3 O let a holy flock await
Numerous around Thy temple-gate ;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.
- 4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see Thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

L. M.

- 187 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay !
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest !
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand ;

Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. Wesley, 1749.

C. M.

188 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold Thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around Thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that choicest gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may He descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest Earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven :
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, Thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

Philip Doddridge, 1736.

Hymns of Worship.

PSALM LXXXIV. H. M.

- 189** **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are !
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.
- 2** The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
My spirit faints with equal zeal
To rise and dwell among Thy saints.
- 3** O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 4** They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length ;
Till each in heaven appears ;
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet !
- 5** To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :

The Sanctuary. [189, 190

Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XLVIII. S. M.

190 **F**AR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well —

4 The order of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM LXXXIV. L. M.

- 191** **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God ;
 My God, my King, why should I be
 So far from all my joys and Thee ?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around Thy throne of majesty ;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of Thy grace ;
 There they behold Thy gentler rays,
 And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;
 God is their strength : and through the road,
 They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
 Till all before Thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM LXXXIV. L. M.

- 192** **G**REAT God, attend while Zion sings
 The joy that from Thy presence springs ;
 To spend one day with Thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place,
Within Thy house, O God of grace ;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.
- 3 God is our Sun, He makes our day ;
God is our Shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

- 193** SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer ;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.
- 2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet ;
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.
 - 3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love ;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

193-195] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree !
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be !

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

PSALM CXXXV. L. M.

- 194 PRAISE ye the Lord ; exalt His name,
While in His holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, who to His house belong,
Or stand attending at His gate.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;
To praise His name is sweet employ ;
Israel He chose of old, and still
His church is His peculiar joy.

- 3 The Lord Himself will judge His saints ;
He treats His servants as His friends ;
And, when He hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that He sends.

- 4 Through every age, the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod ;
He gives His suffering servants rest,
And will be known the Almighty God.

- 5 Bless ye the Lord who taste His love ;
People and priests, exalt His name :
Amongst His saints He ever dwells ;
His church is His Jerusalem.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXII. S. P. M.

- 195 HOW pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
“ Come, let us seek our God to-day ! ”

Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We'll haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saints be glad ;
He makes the sinner sad ;
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest ;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows —
"Peace to this sacred house !"
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

196 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say :

“ In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.”

- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show His milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
And, while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains :
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell ;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XXVII. C. M.

197 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode

Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still ;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around ;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XIX. L. M.

- 198** **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess ;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
 - 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
 - 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run :

Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

199 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age,—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,

Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

PSALM XIX. S. M.

200 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word !
And all Thy judgments just ;
Forever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

201 **T**HOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
But in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
 And sins and sorrows rise,
 Thy love with cheerful beams of hope
 My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blissful ray,
 Break radiant through the shades of night,
 And chase my fears away.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of Thy love ;
 But the full glories of Thy face
 Are only known above.
- 6 O, the delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the cheering beams
 Of His o'erflowing grace !

Anne Steele, 1760.

PSALM XIX. L. P. M.

- 202 I LOVE the volume of Thy word ;
 What light and joy these leaves afford,
 To souls benighted and distressed.
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of Thy law,
 The perfect rules of life I draw ;
 These are my study and delight :
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

- 3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis Thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain :
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read Thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 203** FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

203-205] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near ;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

- 204 **O** HOW I love Thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate Thy word ;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear Thy gospel, Lord.
- 3 How doth Thy word my heart engage !
How well employ my tongue !
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.
- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope ;
And there I write Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

- 205 **L** ORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight ;

While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have :
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

206 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail ;

My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

- 6 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

- 207 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

- 4 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road :
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.

- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

208 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

C. M.

209 **O** WHEREFORE Lord, doth Thy dear praise
But tremble on my tongue ?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full, triumphant song ?

2 O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn !
Keep in Thy ways my feet ;
Then shall my lips divinely burn ;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

3 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar ;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.

4 My voice shall more delight Thine ear,
The more I wait on Thee ;
Thy service bring my song more near
The angelic harmony.

5 O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful Seraphim.

6 O when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

Thomas H. Gill, 1849.

7s.

210 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:

Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779.

L. M.

- 211 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, unto thy rest ;
Enjoy the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies !
And draw from heaven that calm repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 3 That heavenly calm within the breast !
It is the pledge of that dear rest
Which for the church of God remains, —
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

Joseph Stennett, 1712.

7s & 6s.

- 212 **O** DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One !

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth ;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth ;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
 And thus on thee, most glorious
 A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

C. M.

213 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God ;
 That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave His dark abode.

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain :
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great Name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay ;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King !
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

- 214 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours His own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the Anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ; descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

214, 215] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes, in God His Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
 Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

- 215 **L**ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
 And own as grateful sacrifice
 The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our laboring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
 Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues :
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin,
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge, 1737.

S. M. 8 lines.

- 216** **A** GAIN the Sabbath morn
Calls us to prayer and praise ;
Waking our hearts to gratitude
With its enlivening rays.
But Christ yet brighter shone,
Quenching the morning beam ;
When triumphing from death He rose,
And raised us up with Him.
- 2 When first the world sprang forth,
In majesty arrayed,
And bathed in streams of purest light ;
What power was there displayed !
But O, what love !— when Christ,
For our transgressions slain,
Was by the Eternal Father raised
For us to life again.
- 3 His new-created world
The mighty Maker viewed,
With thousand lovely tints adorned ;
And straight pronounced it good.
But O ! much more He joyed
That self-same world to see,
Washed in the Lamb's all-saving blood
From its impurity.
- 4 Nature each day renews
Her beauty evermore ;
Whence to God's hidden Majesty
The soul is taught to soar.
But Christ the Light of all,
The Father's image blest,
Gives us to see our God Himself,
In flesh made manifest.

216-218] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 5 Blest Trinity! vouchsafe
That, to Thy guidance true,
What Thou forbiddest we may shun ;
What Thou commandest do.

Translated from the Latin, by E. Caswall, 1849.

S. M.

- 217 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest
That saw the Lord arise !
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

H. M.

- 218 **W**ELCOME, delightful morn ;
Thou day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return :
Lord, make these moments blessed :
From the low train | I soar to reach
Of mortal toys, | Immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face :
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quickening word, | And fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Display the Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours :
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbath days
New life obtain, | Be spent in vain.

Hayward.

7s.

219 **O**N this day, the first of days,
God the Father's name we praise ;
Who, creation's fount and spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.
On this day the eternal Son
Over death His triumph won ;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

2 O that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light.
Father, who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

Translated from the Latin, by Sir Henry W. Baker, 1860.

C. M.

220 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called His own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair !
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace ! O, deign to dwell
Within Thy church below ;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own ;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

S. M.

221 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PSALM XCII. L. M.

- 222 SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart ;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

222-224] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 223 **W**HEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week.
- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light.
- 3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

James Edmeston, 1820.

C. M.

- 224 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams ;

And yet, how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love ;
Our follies, Lord, forgive :
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.
- 5 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays ;
And, with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

Simon Browne, 1720.

7s.

225 **E**RE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord ! our song ascends to Thee ;
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

- 2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of Heaven !
- 3 Cold our services have been ;
Mingled every prayer with sin ;

But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By Thy grace alone we live !

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead !
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last !

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above ;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end !

Sir Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise, 1852.

C. M. double.

226 **W**HILST Thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled !
Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;

Opening of Service. [226, 227

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786

PSALM LXIIL. C. M.

227 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand ;
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719

L. M. 6s.

228 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away !

Bishop Heber, 1827.

PSALM LXIII. L. M.

229 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 The glories that compose Thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am Thine, by sacred ties
 Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;
 As travellers, in thirsty lands,
 Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 With early feet I love to appear
 Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face :
 Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.

Opening of Service. [229-231

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XCV. S. M.

- 230 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are His work, and not our own ;
He formed us by His word.

- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod ;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

7s.

- 231 TO Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

- 2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

James Montgomery, 1825.

S. M.

232 LORD, bid Thy light arise
On all Thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes
O may we find Thee near !

- 2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul,
And hearts the most rebellious bend
To Thy divine control.

Opening of Service. [232, 233]

3 Stir up the blind and dead,
With Thine awakening grace ;
Teach wandering sinners how to tread
Thy paths, and seek Thy face.

4 Let all that own Thy name
Thy sacred image bear ;
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.

5 Since in Thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
O, raise our earthly minds to Thee,
And help our unbelief.

Anon.

C. M.

233 **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour here.

2 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear !
Thy presence now display ;
We bow within Thy house of prayer ;
O, give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove ;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

233, 234] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 5 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise ;
And pour Thy blessing from on high,
To aid our feeble praise.

John Newton, 1776.

7s.

- 234 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now ;
At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
O, do not our suit disdain !
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend :
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond, 1745.

Opening of Service. [235, 236]

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 235** **I**N Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear ;
Hear with meekness ;
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter ;
All Thy people shall adore ;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before ;
Full enjoyment ;
Full, unmixed for evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

C. M.

- 236** **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

236, 237] *Hymns of Worship.*

4 May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

5 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1805.

L. M.

237 HOSANNA to the Living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry ;
"Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Bishop Heber, 1811.

108.

- 238** SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.

L. M.

- 239** COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell,
 By faith and love, in every breast ;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
 The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength ;
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know ;
 Be everlasting honors done,
 By all the church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

240 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound :
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 Ever faithful
 To the truth, may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

L. M.

241 **D**ISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord ;
 Help us to feed upon Thy word ;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

C. M.

242 **A**LMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

5 Oft as Thy precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

John Carwood, 1825.

S. M.

243 **O**NCE more before we part,
O bless the Saviour's name ;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart ;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

243-245] *Hymns of Worship.*

3 Still on Thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless Thy name :
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

L. M.

244 **L**ORD, now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came ;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work Thy will and spread Thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness ;
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing Thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Bishop Heber, 1812.

7s.

245 **N**OW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight ;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night !
- 3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton, 1779.

PSALM V. C. M.

- 246 **L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye ;
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

247 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake !

4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken, 1700.

PSALM CXLI. L. M.

248 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in Thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

- 249** NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove :
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us when we pray :
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 - 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
 - 4 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827.

L. M. 6 lines.

250 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring ;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name :
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares ;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend :
Teach me Thy precepts, all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

4 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,

With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest :
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

- 5 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1813.

PSALM CXXXIX. 11s & 10s.

“When I am awake, I am still with Thee.”

251 **S**TILL, still with Thee — when purple morning
breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee !

- 2 Alone with Thee — amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

- 3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning-star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

- 4 Still, still with Thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

251, 252] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought — I am with Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1867.

L. M.

- 252** GOD of my life ! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge, 1751.

L. M.

- 253** GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest ;
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken, 1700.

L. M.

- 254** **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above,
 Gently distill, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command ;
 To Thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.
- Isaac Watts, 1709.*

C. M.

- 255** **I** LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Phæbe H. Brown, 1825.

8s.

256 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care
 I sleeping or waking resign.
 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me ;
 And, fast as my moments roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

2 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my Saviour be nigh ;
 And songs His kind presence indeed
 Shall in the night season supply.
 His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace as the dew shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

3 Thy ministering spirits descend
 To watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep.
 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
 Repair to their stations assigned ;
 And angels elect are sent down
 To guard the elect of mankind.

256, 257] *Hymns of Worship.*

- 4 Their worship no interval knows ;
 Their fervor is still on the wing ;
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.
 I, too, at the season ordained,
 Their chorus forever shall join,
 And love and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

L. M.

257 **T**HUS far the Lord hath led me on ;
 Thus far His power prolongs my days :
 And every evening should make known
 Some fresh memorials of His grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But He forgives my follies past ;
 He gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head :
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

- 4 Faith in His name forbids my fear ;
 O may Thy presence ne'er depart ;
 And, in the morning, make me hear
 The love and kindness of Thy heart.

- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;
 And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

6s & 4s.

258 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might :
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite :
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe ;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light !
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart ;
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson, 1853.

L. M.

259 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast !

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble, 1827.

L. M.

- 260 **G**REAT God ! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise ;
O, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus ; His dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at Thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in Thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to Thy name !

Anne Steele, 1760.

8s, 6s, & 8s.

261 **L**ORD of my life, whose tender care
 Hath led me on till now,
 Here lowly at the hour of prayer
 Before Thy throne I bow ;
 I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
 Forgiveness for another day.

- 2 O may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow ;
 To Thee and to Thy glory live,
 Dead else to all below ;
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
 Though thorny, yet the path to God !
- 3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
 For mercies day by day ;
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach me how to pray !
 All that I have, I am, to Thee
 I offer through Eternity !

Sir Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise, 1858.

7s.

262 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;

262, 263] *Hymns of Worship.*

Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee :

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee :
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop G. W. Doane, 1824.

S. M.

- 263** THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
 - 3 Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore.

J. Mason Neale, 1854.

6s, 4s, & 6s.

264 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned ;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast ;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine.

Translated from the Latin, by E. Caswall, 1849.

8s & 7s.

265 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal :
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

L. M. 6 lines.

266 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instill ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Ah ! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
O, let Thy mercy make us glad :
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

8s & 4s, 8s & 4s.

267 GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;

267, 268] *Hymns of Worship.*

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

Bishop Heber, 1827.

7s.

268 **W**HAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

- 2 While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 3 Mid the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise,
- 4 Through the throng His gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear;
From on high doth He impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

- 5 Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake with Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

L. M.

- 269** **A**WAKE, my soul, awake to prayer ;
The vigil of the night prepare :
Now all around is dark and still,
Angels defending us from ill.
- 2 Day without night the angels sing,
Nor rest upon the drooping wing ;
Teaching our souls, betimes to ascend
Where hallelujahs never end.
- 3 David awaked his harp and voice,
And all within him, to rejoice,
God's love to praise at morning light,
And tell of all His truth at night.
- 4 Jacob in prayer nocturnal strove ;
No stern repulse his prayer could move :
In vain the Angel-man did say,
"Dismiss me ; for 'tis break of day."
- 5 See how, in galling fetters laid,
At midnight Paul and Silas prayed ;
Their gory wounds still smarting sore,
And cold the prison's rugged floor.
- 6 They sang the praises of the Lord ;
So loud they sang the prisoners heard :
And yet they thought that death was nigh ;
And clouds obscured their morning sky.

- 7 How shall I then Thy praise decline,
When health, and friends, and home are mine?
My dawn of day is clear and calm;
No foes oppress, no fears alarm.
- 8 Are these Thy mercies, Lord, to me?
O let me then Thy servant be,
Submitting to Thy just control,
And loving Thee with all my soul.
- 9 So shall I find Thee strong to save,
When my last bed shall be the grave;
The grave shall own my Saviour's might,
And darkness vanish at Thy sight.

James Ford, 1856

7s.

270 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. Smith, 1840

Salvation by Christ. [271, 272

L. M.

271 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there ;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love ;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

3 Nor will our days of toil be long :
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

James Edmeston, 1820.



Salvation by Christ.

C. M.

272 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load :
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine
To form the heart anew.

272, 273] *Salvation by Christ.*

- 4 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine :
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

PSALM LI. L. M.

- 273** LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean :
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Behold, I fall before Thy face ;
My only refuge is Thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 3 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 4 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

274 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes ;
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise !

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven ;
But, in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways ;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways,
To bring us near to God ;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

275 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

275, 276] *Salvation by Christ.*

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

- 276 **A**H, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath His rod.
- 2 If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake ;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

- 277 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread ;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again :
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 My God ! I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save ;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

- 278 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !

278, 279] *Salvation by Christ.*

And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word ;
"Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;
O ! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall :
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

279 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,

The Atoning Sacrifice. [279-281

Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1779.

C. M.

280 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

H. M.

281 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ!
Speak gladness to this heart;

They tell me all is done ;
 They bid my fear depart :
 To whom, save Thee, | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee ?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
 Have wept my guilt away ;
 And turned this night of mine
 Into a blessed day :
 To whom, save Thee, | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee ?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
 Can heal my bruised soul ;
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole :
 To whom, save Thee, | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee ?

4 Thy righteousness alone
 Can clothe and beautify ;
 I wrap it round my soul ;
 In this I'll live and die :
 To whom, save Thee, | For sin atone,
 Who canst alone | Lord, shall I flee ?

H. Bonar, 1856.

H. M.

282 ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands :
 My name is written on His hands.

The Atoning Sacrifice. [282, 283

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One :
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

C. Wesley, 1739.

S. M.

283 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears ;
No terror clothes His brow :

283, 284] *Salvation by Christ.*

No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease :
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

284 I N evil long I took delight
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career :

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His Cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look :
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;

The Atoning Sacrifice. [284, 285

I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did !
But now my tears are vain :
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain !

6 A second look He gave, which said,
“ I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
I die, that thou may'st live.”

7 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed.

John Newton, 1779.

C. M.

285 **W**HEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,

285, 286] *Salvation by Christ.*

One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that 's touched with all our joys
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1858.

L. M. 6 lines.

286 **W**HEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
Pardon I found and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

2 My sin is gone, my fears are o'er,
I shun His presence now no more ;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face ;
Sprinkled upon the Throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

3 Before His face my Priest appears ;
My advocate, the Father hears :
That precious blood, before His eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries !
It speaks, it ever speaks to God —
The voice of that atoning blood.

The Atoning Sacrifice. [286, 287

4 By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
The accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of Him whose name is Love ;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by the atoning blood.

5 Here I can rest without a fear ;
By this, to God I now draw near ;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made, and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the Throne of God,
I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

J. G. Deck, 1838.

H. M.

287 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ;
The gladly-solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1750.

C. M.

288 **A**MAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me !
 I once was lost, but now am found ;
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved ;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come ;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton, 1779.

S. M.

289 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,

Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath Thy throne ;
Our faith shall " Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

- 290 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound ;
Harmonious to my ear !
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

PSALM XV. 7s.

- 291 **W**HO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar ?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In Thy holy place shall rest ?

- 2 He whose heart Thy love has warmed ;
He whose will to Thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He whose words and thoughts are one ;
- 3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God ;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by Thee ordained ;
- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done :
He, great God, shall be Thy care,
And Thy choicest blessings share.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

L. M.

- 292 **G**OD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known :
'Tis here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name ;
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
 To read and mark Thy holy word ;
 Its truth with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

C. M.

- 293** FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines !
 How high Thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power ;
 Their motions speak Thy skill ;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read Thy patience still.

- 3 But when we view Thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms, —

- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe ;
 We love, and we adore ;
 The first archangel never saw
 So much of God before.

- 5 Here the whole Deity is known ;
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice, or the grace.

- 6 O may I bear some humble part
 In heaven's immortal song :
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

PSALM CXXVI. C. M.

294 **W**HEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work !" my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine ;
"Great is the work !" my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come ;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

295 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh ;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death :
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

296 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God who justifies their souls ;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead ;
And, the salvation to fulfill,
Behold Him rising from the dead !

3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
Forever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what should tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s.

297 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn :

4 Hither come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Barbauld, 1825.

L. M.

298 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door :
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still :
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands !
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine ;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That hateful, hell-born monster, Sin ;
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

- 4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest :
Admit Him, for you can't expel ;
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.
- 5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn ;
His feet, departed, ne'er return !
Admit Him ; or the hour 's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 6 Yet know (nor of the terms complain),
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign ;
To reign, and with no partial sway ;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey !
- 7 Sovereign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace !
O may Thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door, each willing mind !
And be His empire all mankind !

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

L. M.

- 299** COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O come and bow before your God !
Divine compassion, mighty love
Will all the painful load remove.
 - 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace !

- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope Thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let Thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
O, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

Anne Steele, 1760.

S. M.

300 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come !"

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come ;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come !

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come ;"
Lord, even so ; I wait thine hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

H. U. Onderdonk, 1833.

L. M.

301 **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;

301, 302] *Salvation by Christ.*

- I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.
- 2 "They shall find rest, that learn of Me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind :
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Blessed is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at Thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

- 302** WITH tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to Me !
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee :
O ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to Me !
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, Come to Me !
- 4 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,

- Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, Come to Me !
- 5 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, Come to Me !
- 6 Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy Portion ; Come to Me !
- 7 O voice of mercy, voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to Me !
- Hugh White, 1841.*

C. M.

- 303** COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve : —
- 2 “ I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know His courts ; I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “ I'll prostrate lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 “ I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;

Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go ;
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Edmund Jones, 1777.

10s, 6s, & 4s.

304 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room .
Child of sin and sorrow !
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high :
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide,

Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide ;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

Thomas Hastings, 1842.

L. M.

305 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart ;
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy deep, repentant sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear :
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn ;
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

William B. Collyer, 1812.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

306 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power :
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Ho ! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Joseph Hart, 1762.

7s. 6 lines.

- 307** FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear
 Bursting on the ravished ear :
 " Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan ?
 On My piercé body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid ;
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come !
- 3 " Spread for thee the festal board,
 See with richest dainties stored ;
 To thy Father's bosom pressed,
 Yet again a child confessed,
 Never from His house to roam,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 4 " Soon the days of life shall end ;
 Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
 Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day, —
 Up to My eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come."

T. Haweis, 1790.

7s. 8 lines.

- 308** SINNERS ! turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live :

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands :
Why, ye thankless creatures ! why
Will ye cross His love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners ! turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why :
God, who did your souls retrieve,
That ye might forever live :
Will you let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die ?

- 3 Sinners ! turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why :
He who all your lives hath strove —
Wooed you to embrace His love :
Will ye not the grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die ?

C. Wesley, 1756

7s.

309 **H**ASTEN, sinner ! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner ! now return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner ! to be blest,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott, 1773.

7s. 6 lines.

310 H EARTS of stone, relent, relent !
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See His body mangled, rent,
 Stained and covered with His blood !
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Crucified the Incarnate Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed ;
 Driven the nails that fixed Him there ;
 Crowned with thorns His sacred head ;
 Plunged into His side the spear ;
 Made His soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful man He dies.

3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain ?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
 Open all His wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew ?
 No ; with all my sins I'll part ;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

John Kruger, 1640 ; translated by C. Wesley.

L. M.

- 311** **A**H, dying sinner, think on death,
That last dark hour of failing breath ;
Repent, amend, and ready be
To face the great eternity.
- 2 Though all the world were now thine own,
Its amplest wealth, its brightest crown ;
Crown, wealth, and life must quickly flee :
What then remains ? Eternity.
- 3 Hark ! the last trumpet smites thine ear :
“ Awake, arise ! the Judge is near ! ”
O tremble, sinner ; for to thee
His doom will stamp eternity.
- 4 Be timely wise ; in Christ’s true faith
Abide, and shun the second death ;
So shall thy soul from guilt be free,
And live throughout eternity.
- 5 What eye can tell the starry train ?
The drops that fill the watery main ?
Yet these have tale, the stars, the sea :
Thy years have none, eternity.
- 6 Bethink thee, sinner, o’er and o’er
How dread a word is “ evermore : ”
Time hath its end, but who shall see
The ending of eternity ?

Hymnologia Christiana.

C. M.

- 312** **T**HERE is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where ;

- That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.
- 2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay ;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.
- 5 O, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed ;
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost ?
- 6 How far may we go on in sin ?
How long will God forbear ?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair ?
- 7 An answer from the skies is sent, —
“ Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.”

J. A. Alexander, 1847.

S. M.

313 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?

313, 314] *Salvation by Christ.*

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love :

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

James Montgomery, 1819.

L. M.

314 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command :
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,

Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

- 4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new :
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
Which false apostates never knew.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

315 GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

- 2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

- 5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Tersteegen, 1750; translated by Jane Borthwick.

C. P. M.

316 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible !
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell !

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late, —
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?

4 Be this my one great business here, —
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure !
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure !

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

C. Wesley, 1743.

IRREG. Matt. XXV.

317 **L**ATE, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.

“Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.”

2 No light had we: for that we do repent;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.

“Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.”

3 No light, so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in that we may find the light!

“Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.”

4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!

“No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.”

Alfred Tennyson, 1859.

L. M.

318 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

4 Now God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!

318-320] *Salvation by Christ.*

Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

T. Dwight, 1800.

C. M.

319 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to Thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive ;
Then Justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Joseph Stennett, 1700.

PSALM LI. L. M.

320 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;

Let Thy Good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

- 3 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 5 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM LI. L. M.

- 321** **S**HOW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace :
Great God ! Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
 - 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !

321, 322] *Salvation by Christ.*

Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

322 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of Thy grace,
Low at Thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

- 2 Shall love like Thine be thus repaid ?
Ah, vile, ungrateful heart !
By earth's low cares so oft betrayed
From Jesus to depart.
- 3 But He, for His own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores ;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 4 O, while I breathe to Thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,

Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in Thine eye.

- 5 Then shall the mourner at Thy feet
Rejoice to see Thy face,
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

Anne Steele, 1760.

C. M.

- 323** **W**HEN shall I, Lord, a journey take
Through my departed years,
And not a mournful visit make,
And not return in tears?
- 2 Hath not Thy mercy made me whole?
Hath not Thy grace forgiven?
Yet still the grief regains my soul:
Yet still my heart is riven.
- 3 Those buried sins of mine arise;
Again my heart runs o'er:
Once more those deep repentant sighs —
Those bitter tears once more!
- 4 O, shall these drops of sadness make
The light celestial dim,
And memory's mournful music break
On Heaven's eternal hymn?
- 5 My Saviour's powerful blood I know;
My pardoning God I bless;
But send thy Spirit down! bestow
Of Thine own holiness.
- 6 Those sins so bitter to my soul,
Lord, let me not repeat:

323, 324] *Salvation by Christ.*

So make my past less sorrowful ;
So make my heaven more sweet !

Thomas H. Gill, 1859.

S. M.

- 324** O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part ;
And to Thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart :
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God ;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire ;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down ;
Strike with Thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.
- 5 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow ;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.
- 6 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove ;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

C. Wesley, 1740.

C. M.

325 **H**OW oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word !

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return : "
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn :
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak Thy wondrous love ?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

C. M.

326 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine!

6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

Anne Steele, 1760

PSALM LXXXVIII. 7s.

327 **G**ENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God;
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save?

Lord, my sinking soul reprieve ;
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

- 4 Lo, He comes ! He heeds my plea !
Lo, He comes ! the shadows flee !
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise my spirit, and adore !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

L. M.

328 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free :
O God, be merciful to me.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;
Christ and His cross my only plea :
O God, be merciful to me.

- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee :
O God, be merciful to me.

- 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

7s.

329 **D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face,
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are ;
 Me He now delights to spare ;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up ?
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands ;
 God is love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

5 Now incline me to repent,
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. Wesley, 1740.

S. M. 8 lines.

330 **I** WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold,
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice ;
 I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love ;
 They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled ;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold !
 I was a wayward child ;
 I once preferred to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice, —
 I love, I love His home !

H. Bonar, 1857.

L. M.

331 TREMBLING before Thine awful throne,
 O Lord ! in dust my sins I own :
 Justice and mercy for my life
 Contend ! — O smile and heal the strife !

2 The Saviour smiles ! upon my soul
 New tides of hope tumultuous roll :

331, 332] *Salvation by Christ.*

His voice proclaims my pardon found :
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

- 3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.
- 4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies :
Ye know where morn, exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.
- 5 Bright heralds of the eternal Will,
Abroad His errands ye fulfill ;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious, in His presence play.
- 6 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine :
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

J. A. Hillhouse, 1816.

S. M.

332 DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;

In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

C. M.

333 **L**ORD, I have sinned ; but O forgive,
Nor cast me quite away ;
Renew my soul and bid me live,
And be my future stay.

2 O let me from my fall arise,
More watchful and more strong ;
Light up my dim and tearful eyes,
And fill my mouth with song.

3 On Christ's prevailing sacrifice
I all my hopes recline,
A broken spirit Thou dost prize,
And such, O Lord, be mine.

4 Give me a meek dependent heart
For all my days to come ;
Nor let Thy Spirit e'er depart,
Till I am safe at home.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

L. M.

334 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 And Thou my God ! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with Thy presence fill the place.

334, 335] *Salvation by Christ.*

3 Through all the mazes of my heart,
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
 And still its radiant beams impart,
 Till all be searched and purified.

4 Then with the visits of Thy love,
 My inmost soul vouchsafe to cheer,
 Till every grace combine to prove
 That God has fixed His dwelling there.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

PSALM CXXXI. 8s & 7s.

335 **H**UMBLE, Lord, my haughty spirit,
 Bid my swelling thoughts subside ;
 Strip me of my fancied merit :
 What have I to do with pride ?
 Was my Saviour meek and lowly ?
 And shall such a worm as I,
 Weak, and earthly, and unholy,
 Dare to lift my head on high ?

2 Teach me, Lord, my true condition ;
 Bring me childlike to Thy knee ;
 Stripped of every low ambition,
 Willing to be led by Thee.
 Guide me by Thy Holy Spirit ;
 Feed me from Thy blessed word :
 All my wisdom, all my merit,
 Borrowed from Thyself, O Lord !

3 Like a little babe, confiding,
 Simple, docile, let me be ;
 Trusting still to Thy providing,
 Willing to be led by Thee.

Thus my all to Thee submitting,
I am Thine and not my own :
And when earthly hopes are flitting,
Rest secure on God alone.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

C. M.

336 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine ;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour ! help me to prevail,
O make my soul Thy care ;
I know Thy mercy cannot fail :
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton, 1779.*

7s.

337 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;

When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years ;
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye ;
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;

By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany !

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

C. M.

- 338** O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry ;
- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.
- 3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well ;
- 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.
- 5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?
- 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask ;
This is the total sum ;

338-340] *Salvation by Christ.*

For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

John Mardley, 1562 ; varied by Bishop Heber.

PSALM LI. C. M.

- 339** O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from Thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of Thy grace ;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone ;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M.

- 340** IS this the kind return !
Are these the thanks we owe !
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

341 **W**HY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God ! my chief delight ?

Why are my thoughts no more, by day,
With Thee, no more by night ?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee ?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savor of Thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fastened to Thy cross,
Rather than lose Thy sight.

341, 342] *Salvation by Christ.*

6 Make haste, my days ! to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

342 FAITH is a living power from heaven
Which grasps the promise God has given ;
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need
To save and strengthen, guide and feed ;
Strong in His grace it joys to share
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease ;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death ;
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en His smiting rod.

5 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers Thy favor grant
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.

6 In Him may every trusting soul
Press onward to the heavenly goal,
The blessedness no foes destroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

Hymnologia Christiana.

C. M.

343 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the precious promise sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood ;
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

5 There, there unshaken would I rest,
 Till this frail body dies :
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 To endless glory rise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

344 O FAITH, thou workest miracles
 Upon the hearts of men,
 Choosing thy home in those same hearts
 We know not how or when.

2 O Gift of gifts ! O Grace of Faith !
 My God ! how can it be
 That Thou, who hast discerning love,
 Shouldst give that gift to me ?

- 3 There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon His way.
- 4 How many hearts Thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine !
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of Thine !
- 5 Ah, Grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
It is Thy boast to come,
The glory of Thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.
- 6 How will they die, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?
- 7 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.
- 8 O happy, happy that I am !
If thou canst be, O Faith !
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death ?

F. W. Faber, 1840.

L. M.

345 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

- 346** ○ FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe !
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod ;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

346-348] *Salvation by Christ.*

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

C. M.

347 O FOR an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours !
 To triumph o'er the monster, Death,
 And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quivering lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted victory, Grave ?
 And where the monster's sting ?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure ;
 Death hath no sting beside :
 The law gives sin its damning power,
 But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ, our living Head !

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. P. M.

348 A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or sink to endless woe.

- 2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul, —
A vast oppressive load ;
All creature-aid I saw was vain ;
“The sinner must be born again,”
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 3 The saints I heard with rapture tell —
How Jesus conquered death and hell
And broke the fowler’s snare ;
Yet when I found this truth remain :
“The sinner must be born again,”
I sunk in deep despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move ;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Altered from Samson Ockum, 1760.

C. P. M.

- 349** O THOU that hear’st the prayer of faith,
Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on Thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.
- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner’s stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And His availing blood ;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be ;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

- 3 Then save me from eternal death,
 The Spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send ;
 By Him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 "Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away :
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount upon his sable wings
 To everlasting day !

A. M. Toplady, 1776.

8s & 6s.

- 350** JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !

Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

7s double.

351 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
Welcome, poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.

351-353] *Salvation by Christ.*

“ Follow me ! ” — I know Thy voice !
Jesus, Lord ! Thy steps I see :
Now I take Thy yoke by choice ;
Light Thy burden now to me.

James Montgomery, 1825.

L. M.

352 NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

353 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;

Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

3 Long have I vainly hoped and strove
To force my hardness into love,
To give Thee all Thy laws require,
And labored in the purging fire.

4 Frail, dark, impure, I still remain,
Nor hope to break my nature's chain ;
The fond, self-emptying scheme is past,
And lo ! constrained, I yield at last.

5 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee :
Here, then, to Thee I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

6 What can I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died !

C. Wesley, 1739.

PSALM XXV. S. M.

354 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in His name ;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

3 Remember all Thy grace,
And lead me in Thy truth ;

354, 355] *Salvation by Christ.*

Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

- 4 The Lord is just and kind ;
The meek shall learn His ways ;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of His grace.
- 5 For His own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame ;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M.

355 LORD, what avails our strife,
Our wandering to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life ;
Ah, whither should we go ?

- 2 Thy condescending grace
To us did freely move ;
It calls us still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask our love.
- 3 Our worthless hearts to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a curséd death.
- 4 And can we yet delay
Our little all to give,
To tear our souls from earth away,
And with our Saviour live ?
- 5 All else let us forsake,
Ourselves to Thee resign ;

Beloved Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal us ever Thine.

C. Wesley, 1740.

7s & 6s.

356 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accurséd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in Him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child ;

356-358] *Salvation by Christ.*

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar, 1857.

L. M.

- 357** I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And, whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace
That warned me of that dark abyss ;
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now, to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes :
O, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 358** WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine ;

Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine, —
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

- 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
All in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near :
Shout, O Zion !
Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here.

Anon.

C. M.

359 JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were Thine ;
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made Him mine.

- 2 Spotless and just in Thee I am,
I feel my sins forgiven ;
I taste salvation in Thy name,
And antedate my heaven.
- 3 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 4 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own :
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;

359, 360] *Salvation by Christ.*

Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

6 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

C. Wesley, 1740.

IRREG. Matt. VIII. 20.

360 **B**IRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed
All creatures have their rest ;
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

3 What then am I, my God,
Permitted thus the path of peace to tread ?
Peace, purchased by the blood
Of Him who had not where to lay His head !

4 I, who once made Him grieve,
I, who once bid His gentle spirit mourn,
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn !

5 O, why should I have peace ?
Why ? but for that unchanged undying love
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above ?

6 Yes ; but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see

The Holy Choice. [360, 361

The brightness of that face
That once was pale and agonized for me.

7 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;
Come, Saviour ! in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

8 Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth Thou lov'st, within
A heart that for Thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1860.

L. M.

361 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

J. F. Oberlin, 1820.

L. M.

362 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour, and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love !
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done ;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine :
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart !
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Here have I found a nobler part ;
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

8s & 7s.

363 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave, and follow Thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be !
 Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own !

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
 Thou art not, like man, untrue ;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure !
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service, pain is pleasure ;
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father ;
 I have stayed my heart on Thee :
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.
- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest !
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me ;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
 What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

- 6 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer !
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there ;
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1833.

L. M.

364 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine ;
 With full consent Thine I would be,
 And own Thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of Thy Grace ;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
 Be Thine through all eternity ;
 The vow is passed beyond repeal ;
 And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.
- 5 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform ;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies, 1760.

The Christian Life.

S. M.

- 365** COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching, through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

PSALM XCI. C. M.

366 **T**HERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;
O, be that refuge mine !

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed ;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm ;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine :
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine !

5 A hand Almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And Heaven to crown it all !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

8s & 7s.

367 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before His Cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
 Floating in His languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
 And Himself most deeply know.

Altered from James Allen by Walter Shirley, 1774.

C. M.

- 368** FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

368, 369] *The Christian Life.*

- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life ;
Sweet Source of light Divine ;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour ! Thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more !

William Cowper, 1779.

PSALM XXXII. S. M.

- 369 **O** BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er ;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound ;
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near Thy throne :
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

370 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?

Behold my heart and see ;
And cast each worthless idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead ?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name ?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame !

5 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord ;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

8s & 7s.

371 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,

Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount ; I'm fixed upon it !
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.
- 3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be !
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee :
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart — O, take and seal it ;
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1757.

L. M.

372 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
 To every service I can pay,
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear Thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end,
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend !

- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good ;
 Nor future days nor powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To Him who for my ransom died ;
 Nor could untainted Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more ;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His dying love, His saving power.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

S. M.

373 DEAR Lord and Master mine,
 Thy happy servant see !
 My Conqueror ! with what joy divine
 Thy captive clings to Thee.

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
 To feel Thy gracious bands,
 Sweetly restrained by Thy care
 And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove ;
 No bond would I unbind ;
 Within the limits of Thy love
 Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
 But still with Thee, my God,
 At every step my blindness own,
 And ask of Thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
 That casts me on Thy breast ;
 The conflicts that Thy strength employ
 Make me divinely blest.

373, 374] *The Christian Life.*

- 6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true !
My guardian and my guide divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through !
- 7 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train :
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,
When Thou return'st to reign.

Thomas H. Gill, 1859.

PSALM CXVI. C. M.

- 374** WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill Thy house,
My offerings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight !
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all Thy servants are !
How great Thy grace to me !
My life which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

- 6 Here, in Thy courts, I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

- 375** MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

- 376** DEAR Saviour ! I am Thine,
By everlasting bands ;
My name, my heart, I would resign ;
My soul is in Thy hands.

376, 377] *The Christian Life.*

- 2 To Thee I still would cleave
 With ever growing zeal ;
 Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
 They never shall prevail !
- 3 His Spirit shall unite
 My soul to Him, my Head ;
 Shall form me to His image bright,
 And teach His paths to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide
 From this abode of clay ;
 But love shall keep me near His side,
 Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
 What should remain to fear ?
 If He in heaven has fixed His throne,
 He'll fix His members there.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

L. M.

- 377** SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God ;
 When His salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

- 378** TAKE my poor heart, closed let it be,
O Lamb of God, to all but Thee ;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 2 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side ;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe ?
Thou givest the power Thy grace to move,
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
- 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown !
- 5 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought !
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell,
Thy love immense, unsearchable !
- 6 First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow ;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give ;
Thine may we die, Thine may we live. Amen.

Translated by J. Wesley, 1738. Altered.

PSALM LV. S. M.

- 379** **L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address His throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek His blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God :
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath Thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear, nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on His arm,
And rest upon His word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of His love :
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

7s.

- 380** **T**HINE forever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above ;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity !

- 2 Thine forever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine forever ! O, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest ;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever ! Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine forever ! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven !

Mary Fawler Maude, 1848.

8s & 4s.

381 MY God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet —
The hour of prayer ?

- 2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

381, 382] *The Christian Life.*

- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind !
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord ! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1854.

S. M.

- 382** BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul ! ask what thou wilt ;
Thou canst not be too bold :
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

- 5 Teach me to live by faith ;
Conform my will to Thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

John Newton, 1779.

C. M.

383 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays !

- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven with prayer.

- 6 Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes.

383, 384] *The Christian Life.*

- 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

James Montgomery, 1819.

L. M

384 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far ; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more ;
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O, may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget thy mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1831.

L. M.

- 385** JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all Heaven before our eyes.
- 5 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
 We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
 Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
 And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

William Cowper, 1779.

S. M.

- 386** JESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray and never faint.

386, 387] *The Christian Life.*

- 2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 5 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage Him on their side ;
When they are grieved, His mercies move,
And can they be denied ?
- 6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer ;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

John Newton, 1779.

L. M.

387 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord hath done for me ! "

William Cowper, 1779.

L. M.

388 **H**AST thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep ?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

- 2 Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part ?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.
- 3 Hast thou a friend whose image dear,
May prove an idol worshipped here ?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.
- 4 Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Ryle's Coll.

PSALM XXVII. C. M.

389 SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not Thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life, I fly to Thee
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die ;
 My God will make my life His care,
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believed
 To see Thy grace provide relief ;
 Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

7s.

390 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer :
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

115 & 105.

391 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an-
guish, —

Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal :

- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure :

- 3 Here see the bread of life, — see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love :
Come to the feast prepared, — come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816.

C. M.

392 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died !

5 O, wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name !

John Newton, 1779.

8s & 7s, double.

393 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion ;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art :
Visit us with Thy salvation ;
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest :
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be, —
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place ;

Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley, 1746.

PSALM LXIII. S. M.

394 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine ;
And let my earnest cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

4 For life without Thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

6 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

Communion with God. [394, 395

- 7 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XLII. C. M.

395 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?

- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God ; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn ;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn ?

- 5 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh ;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.

- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still ; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

C. M.

396 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

2 Then to the shining realms of bliss
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptured thoughts explore.

3 Sorrow, and pain, and tears, and care,
 And discord, there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.

4 There, on a throne of radiant light,
 The exalted Saviour shines,
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs,
 And endless honors to His name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till in Thy blissful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.

Anne Steele, 1760.

C. M.

397 JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
 In cords of heavenly love ;
 Then sweetly draw me to Thy breast,
 Nor let me thence remove.

Communion with God. [397, 398

- 2 Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin,
To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
And make me pure within.
- 3 O lead me to Thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still ;
Draw me, like Mary, to Thy feet,
To sit and learn Thy will.
- 4 O draw me by Thy Providence,
Thy Spirit and Thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To Thee, my gracious Lord.

Benjamin Beddome, 1790.

C. P. M.

- 398** O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light
In vain desire its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
 - 3 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart !

For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at my Saviour's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast ;
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1749.

C. M.

399 ALONE with Thee, with Thee alone,
I breathe the heavenly air ;
Lord ! what sweet wonders hast Thou shown
Thy lonely worshipper !

2 Thou takest this rapt soul apart
Into Thy secret place ;
Thou keepest for this yearning heart
The fullness of Thy grace.

3 For these blest eyes Thou openest
Full many a deep divine ;
In these glad ears Thou whisperest
Some secret sweet of Thine.

4 Beneath some tree, beside some spring,
I find a place of prayer ;
Upon some mountain top I sing
And build a Bethel there.

5 O Lord, my God, mine all, mine own,
Still grant these visits sweet !
Still meet Thy lover all alone !
These blessed hours repeat.

T. H. Gill, 1859.

L. M.

400 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds ;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face ;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above ;
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

Mrs. Barbauld, 1825.

C. M.

401 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill His word !

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part !
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart !

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love !

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flows,
 When union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

S. M.

402 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love ;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Dr. John Fawcett, 1772.

H. M.

- 403** ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword — Love :
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone !
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

- 3 Head of Thy church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew !
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done
 When Christians love and live as one.

Robert Robinson, 1780.

C. M.

404 COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtained the prize ;
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In heaven and earth, are one.

- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
 Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.

- 6 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.
- 7 O that we now might grasp our Guide ;
 O that the word were given,
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the wave divide,
 And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley, 1759.

C. M.

- 405 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all Thy ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne ;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace :
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The Holy to the Holiest leads ;
 From hence our spirits rise :
And he that in Thy statutes treads
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. Wesley, 1745.

C. M.

- 406 **F**OUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
 Our thankful hearts incline ;

What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see ;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

PSALM XLI. L. M.

407 **B**LEST is the man whose spirit shares
A suffering brother's wants and cares :
The Lord will visit him in grief,
And bring his trials sweet relief.

2 The sinner's Friend delights to see
His people kind and good as He,
And bids them each with each unite
To make their common burden light.

3 That burden well the Saviour knows ;
He bore on earth our sins and woes ;
By friends betrayed, by foes assailed,
Yet love divine o'er all prevailed.

- 4 That love, O Lord, still let us share,
Still lead us on through foe and snare,
Till we Thy face unclouded see,
And lose ourselves and earth in Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

L. M.

- 408 **W**HEN like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er He went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.
- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld His face — for God is light ;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came ;
O'er the cold grave He bowed His head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.
- 4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In His inspiring presence smiled ;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.
- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed, we would tread ;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

James Montgomery, 1825.

L. M.

- 409 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,

If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

410 **F**ATHER of mercies, send Thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know, —
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid ;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies ;

Christian Activity. [410-412

And 'midst the embraces of Thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground ;
And gave the richest of His blood,
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

S. M.

- 411 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill :
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely !
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

C. Wesley, 1762.

C. M.

- 412 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :

412, 413] *The Christian Life.*

- A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

L. M.

- 413 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfill ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thine acceptable will.

- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
- C. Wesley, 1749.*

C. M.

- 414** **R**ISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod ;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe ;
And to His power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

- 4 Lord ! may I ever keep in view
 The patterns Thou hast given,
 And ne'er forsake the blessed road
 That led them safe to heaven.

John Needham, 1768.

C. M.

- 415** O NOT to fill the mouth of fame
 My longing soul is stirred ;
 O, give me a diviner name :
 Call me Thy servant, Lord !
- 2 Sweet title that delighteth me —
 Rank earnestly implored ;
 O what can reach the dignity
 Of Thy true servants, Lord ?
- 3 No longer would my soul be known
 As self-sustained and free ;
 O, not mine own, O, not mine own,
 Lord, I belong to Thee !
- 4 In each aspiring burst of prayer,
 Sweet leave my soul would ask
 Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
 To do Thine every task.
- 5 Forever Lord, Thy servant choose, —
 Nought of Thy claim abate !
 The glorious name I would not lose,
 Nor change the sweet estate.
- 6 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
 No other name for me !
 The same sweet style and title given
 Through all eternity.

T. H. Gill, 1859.

L. M.

416 **A**WAKE, our souls ! away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint :

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

IRREG. Matt. X.

417 **C**OME, labor on :
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
“ Go, work to-day ? ”

2 Come, labor on :

The laborers are few, the field is wide ;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied ;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is " Come."

3 Come, labor on :

The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away :
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

4 Come, labor on :

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

5 Come, labor on :

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
" Servants, well done ! "

6 Come, labor on :

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;
Blesséd are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee !

Hymnologia Christiana.

C. M.

418 ○ FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper, 1779.

6s & 4s.

- 419 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Sarah Flower Adams, 1848.

C. M.

420 **L**ORD ! when I all things would possess
I crave but to be Thine :

O, lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.

2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is Thy store ;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For Thee, my Helper, more.

3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray ?

4 The more I triumph in Thy gifts,
The more I wait on Thee ;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see ;
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My Holy One, for Thee.

Thomas H. Gill, 1859.

108.

421 **A**BIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me !

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,

421, 422] *The Christian Life.*

Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile ;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee :
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

6 I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee :

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

PSALM CXVI. L. M.

422 **R**EDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What, to repay such gifts as Thine ?

- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee, and adore ?
- 3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all !
Before Thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to Thee alone !
- 4 Thy spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart !
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

- 423** O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do His will.
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere :
Let sin have no dominion, Lord ;
But keep my conscience clear.

423, 424] *The Christian Life.*

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXIX. C. M.

- 424 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine :
From vain desires and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of Thy grace,
To speed me in Thy way ;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers ;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still ?
And Thou a faithful God ?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road ?
- 5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace !

- 6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word ;
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 425** **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, 1742.

L. M.

- 426** **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone ;

Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare ;
How sweet Thine entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine !
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M. 8 lines.

427 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer :
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,

Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less ;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want ;
Out of the deep, on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

5 I rest upon Thy word,
Thy promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley, 1742.

PSALM CXXXI. 7s.

428 LORD, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be :
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed ;
Thou hast spoken — I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.
- 3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel ! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery, 1822.

8s & 7s.

- 429** TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by ;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west ;
Swift the night of death advances ;
Shall it be the night of rest ?
 - 3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
 - 4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning, then awake me —
Morning of eternal rest !

C. M. 6 lines.

- 430** FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see :
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

- 6 And if some things I do not ask
 Among my blessings be,
 I'd have my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to Thee ;
 More careful — not to serve Thee much,
 But please Thee perfectly.

Anna Lætitia Waring, 1850.

L. M.

- 431** O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee ;
 O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;
 Nail my affections to the cross ;
 Hallow each thought ; let all within
 Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my light, be Thou my way ;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee ;
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill.

*Translated from Tersteegen,
 by J. Wesley, 1738.*

L. M.

- 432** **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to Thee I call ;
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm !
Defend me from each threatening ill ;
Control the waves ; say, " Peace, be still !"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee ;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds, nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again.

W. Cowper, 1779.

S. M.

- 433** **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take :
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home :

And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The people of His choice
He will not cast away ;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

5 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame ;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

6 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

7 Wait till the shadows flee ;
Wait thy appointed hour ;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal His sovereign power.

8 The time of Love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed His Blood,
But that it flowed for thee !

9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee !
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1772.

S. M.

- 434** **G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart !
 Still sink thy spirits down !
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 Bid every care be gone.
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 What, though thou rulest not !
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

Paul Gerhard ; translated by J. Wesley, 1739.

C. M.

- 435** **O** THOU whose sacred feet have trod
 The thorny path of woe ;
 Forbid that I should slight the rod,
 Or faint beneath the blow.
- 2 My spirit to its chastening stroke
 I meekly would resign ;
 Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
 That tells me I am Thine.

- 3 Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done !
- 4 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.
- 5 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.
- 6 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

James D. Burns, 1858.

7s.

- 436** **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
 - 3 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

- 4 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 5 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 6 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

Henry Hart Milman, 1837.

L. M.

- 437** I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.
- 2 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that, in some favored hour,
At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

- 5 Yea, more ; with His own hand He seemed
 Intent to aggravate my woe ;
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried ;
 "Wilt thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free,
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou mayst seek thy all in Me."

John Newton, 1779.

C. M.

- 438** ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
 What snares beset my way !
 To heaven, O, let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears !
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
 How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God ! in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid ;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail ;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.
- 6 O keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee !
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

Anne Steele, 1760.

7s.

- 439 'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away ?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

William Cowper, 1779.

L. M.

- 440 BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares :
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

- 2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first, before His mercy-seat,
Thou didst to Him thine all commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton, 1779.

L. M.

441 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

- 2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While He my sinking head sustains.
- 3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

- 442** **W**HEN in the hour of lonely woe,
I give my sorrow leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
O, this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is forever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are ;
And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! in whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee ?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have passed away ;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail ?
- 6 But O, be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die ;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is forever mine !

Josiah Conder, 1855.

7s & 6s.

- 443** **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings :

When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

- 2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe His people too :
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

S. M.

444 HOW gentle God's commands,
 How kind His precepts are !

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day ;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

S. M.

445 O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the Cross.

- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below :
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here :

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1852.

C. M.

446 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 This consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear ;
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high ;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

- 5 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
 O resurrection day !
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

G. N. Allen, 1852.

C. M.

447 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage,
 And long to fly away.

- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of His love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that His blood
 My debt of sufferings paid.
- 5 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on His covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith
 To trust His firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
 And know no will but His.

447, 448] *The Christian Life.*

- 7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
 That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
 To waft my spirit home.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from Thee?

Augustus M. Toplady, 1777.

L. M.

- 448** GOD of my life, to Thee I call ;
 Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;
O, while the swelling floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse the humble plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer :
The promise of a faithful God
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
 I have an Advocate with Thee ;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

- 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
 That man is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

W. Cowper, 1770.

C. M.

- 449** MY God, Thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days ;
 Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
 But to renew Thy praise ?

- 2 Thine arm of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.

- 3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
 On Thy dear faithful breast ;
 Pleased to obey my Father's call
 To His eternal rest.

- 4 Into Thy hands, my Saviour God,
 Did I my soul resign ;
 In firm dependence on that truth
 Which made salvation mine.

- 5 Back from the borders of the grave
 At Thy command I come :
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home.

- 6 Where Thou appointest my abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in Thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

PSALM LXVI. C. M.

450 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make His mercies known ;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He hath done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought His heavenly aid ;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I His praises sung.

5 But God — His name be ever blest —
Hath set my spirit free ;
Nor turned from Him my poor request,
Nor turned His heart from me.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

451 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

- 3 Let the sweet hope that I am Thine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760.

8s & 6s.

- 452 **O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen !
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean ;
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.
- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?
- 3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to Thee !
- 4 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee !
- 5 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee !
- 6 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, " Still cling to me ! "

- 7 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee !
- 8 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;
Because they cling to Thee !
- 9 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb me, who appall,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

6s.

- 453** THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill ;
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all !

H. Bonar, 1856.

L. M.

- 454** WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will !
 Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
His ways are just, His counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs His work, the cause conceals ;
But though His methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.
- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
 He executes His wise decrees ;
And by His saints it stands confessed,
That what He does is ever best.
- 4 Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before His awful seat :
And midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

C. M.

- 455 **O** LORD, my best desires fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink from Thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor all my journey through
 Thou art engaged to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and Mercy guide my way :
 Shall I resist them both —
 A poor, blind creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth?
- 6 But ah, my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to Thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

W. Cowper, 1779.

C. M.

- 456 **M**Y God, my Father, blissful name !
 O may I call Thee mine?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?

- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise :
O bend my will to Thine.
- 4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.
- 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.
- 6 My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay ;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away ?

Anne Steele, 1760.

C. M.

- 457 **M**Y God ! the covenant of Thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,

457, 458] *The Christian Life.*

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what Thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
 Which, when my eyelids close in death,
 Shall warm my chilling heart.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

8s & 4s.

458 MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O, teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done !

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 Thy will be done !

3 Though Thou hast called me to resign
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine ;
 I have but yielded what was Thine :
 Thy will be done !

4 Should grief or sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I strive to say,
 Thy will be done.

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
 Thy will be done !

- 6 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done !

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

6s.

- 459** MY Saviour, as Thou wilt !
O may Thy will be mine !
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done.
- 2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt !
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon ;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt !
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.

459, 460] *The Christian Life.*

Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

- 4 My Saviour, as Thou wilt !
All shall be well for me :
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done !

Translated from B. Schmolke, 1714.

PSALM XXXI. S. M.

- 460 MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.
- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest ;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe on Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

C. M.

- 461** **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live :
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long I will be glad,
 That I may long obey :
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before ;
 He that into God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days ;
 And join with the triumphant saints,
 To sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim :
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

L. M. 6 lines.

- 462** **H**E sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
 Alike they're needful for the flower ;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment :

As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs whom they trust and love?
 Creator, I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to Thee :
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine ;
 Enough that Thou hast made it mine ;
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath :
 As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1841.

C. P. M.

"Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you."

- 463 **O** LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

- 2 How far from this our daily life,
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms ;
 O could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine Almighty arms !

- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer ;

Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

- 4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 464** GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Bread of Heaven ! Bread of Heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :

464, 465] *The Christian Life.*

Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises ! Songs of praises !
I will ever give to Thee.

Translated from the Welsh of William Williams, 1774.

C. M.

465 **O** MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;
 This watch the Lord did keep ;
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear ;
 These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of Heaven ;
 To every grief, to every tear
 Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this fleshly robe alone
 Shall link us Lord, to Thee ;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
 Because Thy heaven we share,
 Because we sing around Thy throne
 And Thy bright raiment wear.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine !
 O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine !

- 7 Yes, strange the gifts and marvelous
By Thee received and given !
Thou tookest woe and death for us,
And we receive Thy Heaven.

Thomas H. Gill, 1860.

L. M.

466 O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent !
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

- 2 To us remains nor place nor time ;
Our country is in every clime :
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

- 4 Could we be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Guion, 1689 ; translated by W. Cowper, 1779.

C. M.

467 THRICE happy souls, who born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear !

- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne,

And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought,
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with Thee.

6 At night we lean our weary heads
On Thy paternal breast,
And, safely folded in Thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

7 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all my days be passed ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

7s.

468 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways !

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :

They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepared ;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land :
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick, 1743.

8s & 7s.

469 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears ;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest,

469-471] *The Christian Life.*

Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

PSALM CXXXVII. S. M.

470 **F**AR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung ;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue ?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road :
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

5 God of my life, be near ;
On Thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last !

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

C. M.

471 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing,
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way His hand has raised, —
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue His footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

C. M.

472 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father ! Thy will be done !
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven !

J. H. Gurney, 1838.

10s, 4s, & 10s.

- 473** LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years !

- 3 So long Thy Power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile !

John Henry Newman, 1833.

L. M.

- 474 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain 's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 What though thy inward lusts rebel ?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

475 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And gird your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His eternal Son :
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued,
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand complete at last.

3 From strength to strength go on ;
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.
 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all His soldiers, "Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home.

C. Wesley, 1745.

C. M.

476 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name ?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die ;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s.

- 477** OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go !
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christian, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will you flee in danger's hour ?
Know you not your Captain's power ?

477, 478] *The Christian Life.*

- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heavenly armor clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry :
Let not woe your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 5 Onward, then, to battle move !
More than conquerors you shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

H. K. White, 1804.

S. M.

- 478** MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray ;
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Heath.

The Church of Christ.

8s & 7s.

479 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !

He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode :
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ;
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age ?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering ;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

John Newton, 1779.

L. M.

480 **O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee !

480, 481] *The Church of Christ.*

On Thee alone their heart relies ;
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode ;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

Santolius Victorinus, 1660 ; translated by John Chandler, 1837.

PSALM CXVIII. S. M.

481 **S**EE what a living stone
The builders did refuse :
Yet God hath built His church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject Thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

The Church of Christ. [481, 482

- 3 The work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wondrous in our eyes :
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made :
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood !
Bless Him, ye saints ! He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless Thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on Thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM XLVIII. S. M.

- 482 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great ;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress :
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces !
- 3 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

482, 483] *The Church of Christ.*

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair ;
 We'll call to mind His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

H. M.

- 483** O ZION, tune thy voice
 And raise thy hands on high ;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh :

Cheerful in God,		While rays divine
Arise and shine		Stream all abroad.

- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head ;

The nations round		With lustre new
Thy form shall view,		Divinely crowned.

- 3 In honor to His name
 Reflect that sacred light ;
 And loud that grace proclaim,
 Which makes thy darkness bright :

Pursue His praise		In worlds above,
Till sovereign love,		The glory raise.

The Church of Christ. [483-485

4 There on His holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies ;
While round His throne | In nobler spheres,
Ten thousand stars, | His influence own.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

C. M.

484 O WHERE are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came ?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong ;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God !
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad ;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made with hands.

A. C. Cox, 1850.

PSALM CXXXVII. S. M.

485 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

485, 486] *The Church of Christ.*

- 2 I love Thy church, O God ;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

L. M.

- 486 **L**O, God is here ! — let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place ;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! — Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing :
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

The Church of Christ. [486-488

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone :
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O take, O seal them for Thine own !

4 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1730 ; translated by John Wesley.

8s & 7s.

487 SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation ;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

John Newton, 1779.

L. M.

488 O JESUS, Lord of light and grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's face,

488, 489] *The Church of Christ.*

Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night !

- 2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name,
And His almighty grace implore
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
Our faith like noontide splendor glow,
Our souls the twilight never know !

J. Chandler ; translated from Ambrose, 340-397.

L. M. 6 lines.

489 **E**NTHRONED in light, eternal God,
The highest heaven is Thy abode ;
Yet Thou with us wilt deign to dwell ;
Thou lov'st the gates of Zion well :
On Salem's peaceful hill we raise
A sacred temple to Thy praise.

- 2 Here let the pilgrim find the road
That leads the wandering soul to God ;
Here sorrow lift her tearful eye,
Allured to brighter scenes on high ;
The weary spirit find repose,
And at the cross forget her woes.
- 3 Our God, our fathers' God, we raise
This sacred temple to Thy praise ;
Here, safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,
Shall contrite souls their offerings bring,
Till called to soar and join the song
Which swells amid the heavenly throng.

T. Haweis, 1792.

PSALM CXXXII. C. M.

- 490** ARISE, O King of grace, arise !
And enter to Thy rest ;
Lo ! Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit, and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;
Here let Thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine ;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

490, 491] *The Church of Christ.*

- 5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M.

- 491 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet their tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound !
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M.

- 492 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command ;
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand ;
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

C. M.

- 493 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,
For souls that must forever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there ;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

L. M.

494 **F**ROM distant corners of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand,
Once more prepared to Thee to raise
Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour ;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round the throne in union sweet.

3 We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
The brethren's good, the Church's weal ;
O, whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand !

4 We meet, O God, that through our land
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord, free,
May bloom like gardens, blest by Thee.

Holy Matrimony. [494, 495

- 5 Smile on us, Lord, and through this place
Diffuse the glory of Thy face ;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A brightening antepast of heaven.

William Lindsay Alexander, 1845.

S. M.

- 495 **H**OW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.
- 2 And happy was the Bride,
And glad the Bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.
- 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day ;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.
- 5 O bless, as erst of old,
The Bridegroom and the Bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy piercé side.
- 6 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore ;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

L. M.

496 **A** LITTLE child the Saviour came,
 The mighty God was still His name,
 And angels worshipped, as He lay,
 The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
 The life divine to show to man,
 Proclaims from heaven the message free,
 "Let little children come to Me."

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
 Of sprinkled water, name them Thine:
 Their souls with saving grace endow,
 Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord!
 Them safely in Thy way to guard;
 Thy blessing on their lives command,
 And write their names upon Thy hand.

Scottish Hymnal, 1868.

10s, 6s, 8s, & 4s.

497 **F**ATHER of heaven, who hast created all,
 And rulest all, we pray,
 Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
 Now enters on life's way:
 O make it Thine; Thy blessing give,
 That to Thy glory it may live,
 Father of heaven.

2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold,
 We bring our babe to Thee:
 Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
 Forever Thine to be;

Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it on the path of life,
O Son of God.

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child ;
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled ;
And make it evermore to be
An heir of bliss, a shrine for Thee,
O Holy Ghost.

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is done ;
We speak, but Thine the might :
This babe hath hardly seen our earthly sun,
Yet on it pour Thy light
Of faith and hope and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

Translated from the German of Albert Knapp, 1850.

C. M.

498 **H**OW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed :
“ I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.”

2 The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure :
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great father given ;
He takes young children in His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 Our God ! how faithful are His ways !
 His love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of His grace
 Blots out the children's name.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

7s.

499 **H**EAVENLY Father ! may Thy love
 Beam upon us from above ;
 Let this infant find a place
 In Thy covenant of grace.

- 2 Son of God ! be with us here ;
 Listen to our humble prayer ;
 Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
 Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

- 3 Holy Ghost ! to Thee we cry :
 Thou this infant sanctify ;
 Thine almighty power display ;
 Seal {^{him}_{her}} to redemption's day.

- 4 Great Jehovah ! — Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit — Three in One,
 Let the blessing come from Thee ;
 Thine shall all the glory be !

Benjamin Guest, 1843.

C. M.

500 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms ;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms !

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."

3 Invited by the voice divine,
 We bring them Lord, to Thee :
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

8s & 7s.

501 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm !

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg, 1826.

C. M.

502 BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
 How sweet the lily grows !

502, 503] *The Church of Christ.*

How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine ;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Heber, 1827.

L. M.

503 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake :

The Lord's Supper. [503, 504

What love through all His actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace He spake !

- 3 " This is My body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food : "
Then took the cup, and blest the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in My blood. "
- 4 " Do this, " He cried, " till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord, "
- 5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

504 I N memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble contrite heart,
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the Bread of Life,
With which our souls are fed ;
The Cup, in token of His Blood,
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing,
The wonders of His love ;
And thus anticipate by faith,
The heavenly feast above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819 ; altered by Richard Whittingham, 1855.

L. M.

505 BODY of Jesus, O sweet food !
 Blood of my Saviour, precious blood !
 On these Thy gifts, Eternal Priest,
 Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.

2 Weary and faint, I thirst and pine,
 For Thee my Bread, for Thee my Wine,
 Till strengthened, as Elijah trod,
 I journey to the mount of God.

3 Then clad in white, with crown and palm,
 At the great Supper of the Lamb ;
 Be mine with all Thy Saints to rest,
 Like him that leaned upon Thy breast.

4 Saviour, till then I fain would know
 That feast above, by this below,
 This Bread of Life, this wondrous food,
 Thy Body and Thy precious Blood.

A. C. Cox, 1858.

C. M.

506 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee ?

The Lord's Supper. [506, 507

- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825.

C. M.

- 507** **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
“ Lord, why was I a guest ? ”
- 3 “ Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ? ”
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

507-509] *The Church of Christ.*

- 5 Pity the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

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- 508 **B**READ of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead :

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Heber, 1820.

C. M.

- 509 **I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh :

- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe ?

- 3 While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed :
“ Meet and remember Me ! ”

The Lord's Supper. [509, 510

- 4 Remember Thee ! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share !
O memory ! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

Gerard T. Noel, 1813.

C. M.

- 510 **S**EE Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, He bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see there yet is room.
- 2 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet.
- 3 In Him the Father reconciled,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And kindly welcomed home.
- 4 O come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 5 There with united heart and voice,
Before the Eternal Throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come :
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele, 1760.

L. M.

- 511** JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach Him not,
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
 Apt to forget His glorious face,
 And to refresh our minds, He gave
 These kind memorials of His grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem,
 Christ and His love fill every thought,
 And faith and hope be fixed on Him.
- 4 While He is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heavenly light,
 And live forever near His face.

Isaac Watts, 1727.

H. M.

- 512** COME, every pious heart
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest power exert
 To celebrate His fame :
- | | | |
|-----------------|--|------------------|
| Tell all above, | | The debt of love |
| And all below, | | To Him you owe. |
- 2 Such was His zeal for God,
 And such His love for you,
 He nobly undertook
 What Gabriel could not do :
- | | | |
|-------------------|--|-----------------------|
| His every deed | | All words exceed, |
| Of love and grace | | And thoughts surpass. |

The Lord's Supper. [512, 513

3 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside ;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died :
What He endured | To save our souls
O who can tell, | From death and hell.

4 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead ;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led :
Up through the sky | And reigns on high,
The Conqueror rode, | The Saviour, God.

5 From thence He'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day :
There shall we see | And ever be
His lovely face, | In His embrace.

6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love ;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all | The gift, though small,
To Thee we give ; | Do Thou receive !

Samuel Stennett, 1770.

7s & 6s.

513 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !

513, 514] *The Church of Christ.*

Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled !

2 O water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art !
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take — and doubt no more !
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see !

Thomas Aquinas, 1260 ; translated by Ray Palmer.

7s.

514 **B**READ of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread !

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice :
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live.

The Lord's Supper. [514-516

- 3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in Thee !

Josiah Conder, 1824.

C. M.

515 “THE promise of my Father’s love
Shall stand forever good ;”
He said, and gave His soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

- 2 To this dear covenant of Thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine ;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are Thine.

- 4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath ;
’Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

- 5 Sweet is the memory of His name,
Who blessed us in His will ;
And to His testament of love
Made His own life the seal.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

516 LORD Jesus, are we One with Thee ?
O height ! O depth of love !

516, 517] *The Church of Christ.*

With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows One.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee ;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art ;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 O teach us Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly One,
And we are One with Thee !

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That Thou with us art One.

James George Deck, 1837.

7s.

517 **A**T the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercéd side ;

The Lord's Supper. [517, 518

Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall ;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise ;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

Translated from the Latin by R. Campbell, 1850.

L. M.

518 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do Thy sweetest pastures grow ?

518, 519] *The Church of Christ.*

- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends Thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among Thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should Thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of Thy flock I see ;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wondrous feast Thy love prepares,
Bought with Thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh He makes my food,
And bids me drink His richest blood ;
Here, to these hills, my soul would come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s & 6s.

- 519 **L**AMB of God ! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us, who think on Thee,
Every burdened soul release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !
- 2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray ;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away :

Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From our crime and guilt release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

- 3 Through Thy blood, by faith applied,
 Let sinners pardon feel :
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

C. Wesley, 1745.

7s & 6s.

520 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, we winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Heber, 1819.

7s.

- 521** HARK! the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.
- 2 Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored,
Honor Jesus as their Lord.
 - 3 Blessed Saviour, still proceed;
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

- 4 At Thy gospel's solemn call,
 Bid the towers of Satan fall ;
 And his wretched slaves obtain
 Freedom from their galling chain.
- 5 Let the messengers of peace
 Raise their voice and never cease,
 Till the world from sin made free,
 Shall unite to worship Thee.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

L. M.

- 522** YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With flaming zeal your breasts inspire ;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more ;
 Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

Anon.

L. M.

- 523** SOVEREIGN of worlds, display Thy power,
 Be this Thy Sion's favored hour ;
 Bid the bright morning-star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
 On western wilds, and heathen plains ;

Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And be the universe Thine own.

- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice,
Speak, and the nations shall rejoice ;
Scatter the shades of moral night
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

Anon. ; Baptist Magazine, 1816.

7s double.

524 **W**ATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are !
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell ?
Traveller, yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends !
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends !
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller, ages are its own ;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn !
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home !

Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come !

Sir John Bowring, 1823.

L. M.

525 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone :"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare Thy name,
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1776.

7s & 6s.

526 THE morning light is breaking ;
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

526, 527] *The Church of Christ.*

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry, to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home ;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

S. F. Smith, 1843.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

527 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow ;
 God has opened there a fountain
 That supplies the world below !
 They are blesséd
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way ;
Life and health and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay :
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose :
Lo, the desert
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

L. M.

528 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1825.

6s & 4s.

529 THOU, whose almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard ;
And took their flight,

529, 530] *The Church of Christ.*

Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

4 Blesséd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Grace; Love, and Might :
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light ! Amen.

John Marriott, 1813.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

530 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,

- Sun of Righteousness, arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day :
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night ;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day !
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around !

William Williams, 1747.

C. M.

- 531** DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust :
 He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 Thy day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth ;
 Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,"
 And keep not back, O north !

531, 532] *The Church of Christ.*

4 They come, they come ! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery, 1825.

PSALM LXVII. 7s.

532 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Let Thy love on all be poured ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

P. M.

Chorus — Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king.

533 **Z**ION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

Chorus — Shout the glad tidings, etc.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Chorus — Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the
skies.

Chorus — Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Mühlenberg, 1823.

C. M.

534 **B**EHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

3 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore,

534, 535] *The Church of Christ.*

They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 Come then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine,
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce, 1765.

7s.

- 535 **H**ARK ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore ;
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign,
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! — hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies ;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword, He speaks — 'tis done !
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away ;

Then the end : beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1825.

PSALM LXXII. 7s & 6s.

- 536** **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth :
 Kings shall bow down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing ;

- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand forever,
 That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

Occasional.

6s & 4s.

- 537** MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing :
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring !
- 2 My native country ! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love :
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song !

Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong !

- 4 Our fathers' God ! to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King !

S. F. Smith, 1843.

L. M.

- 538 O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand
 Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
 And when they trod the wintry strand,
 With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
- 2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer :
 Thy blessing came ; and still its power
 Shall onward through all ages bear
 The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
 Their children's children shall adore,
 Till these eternal hills remove,
 And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon, 1850.

8, 8s, & 6s.

539 **W**HEN, Lord, to this our Western land,
 Led by Thy providential hand,
 Our wandering fathers came,
 Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
 Sent forth the heralds of Thy truth,
 To keep them in Thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
 The desert features soon were lost ;
 'Thy temples there arose ;
 Our shores, as culture made them fair,
 Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,
 And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O, may we repay this debt
 To regions solitary yet
 Within our spreading land !
 There, brethren, from our common home,
 Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;
 Still guided by Thy hand.

4 Saviour ! we own this debt of love,
 O shed Thy Spirit from above,
 To move each Christian breast ;
 Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim
 And temples rise to fix Thy name
 Through all our desert West.

Anon.

6s & 4s.

540 **G**OD bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night ;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,

Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On Him we wait :
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State !

John S. Dwight, 1844.

C. M.

- 541 **L**ORD, Thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold Thy people mourn ;
Shall vengeance ever guide Thy hand ?
Shall mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 Beneath the terrors of Thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay ;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.
- 3 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,
And dreads Thy lifted hand ;
O heal the people Thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.
- 4 Exalt Thy banner in the field,
For those that fear Thy name ;
From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against Thy lifted rod.

- 6 Our troops beneath Thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

PSALM CXLVII. C. M.

- 542 **W**ITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends His showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends His word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

- L. M.

543 MY Helper, God ! I bless His name,
The same His power, His grace the same ;
The tokens of His friendly care
Open and crown and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by His guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey His ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far His arm has led me on ;
Thus far I make His mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear, in His bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

Philip Doddridge, 1745.

L. M.

544 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
 Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

Philip Doddridge, 1745.

S. M.

Saturday Evening.

- 545 **T**HE hours of evening close :
 The lengthened shadows, drawn
 O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
 And wait the Sabbath-dawn.
- 2 So let its calm prevail
 O'er forms of outward care :
 Nor thought for many things assail
 The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near
 His watchful eye will keep ;
 And, safe from violence or fear,
 Will fold His flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
 Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
 And call us, strengthened by His might
 To pay the Lord our vows.

Joan E. Conder, 1833.

7s.

- 546 **C**OME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home !
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter-storms begin ;

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own Temple, come ;
Raise the song of Harvest-home !

2 What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
Ripening with a wondrous power,
Till the final Harvest-hour :
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take Thy people home ;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day ;
And Thine Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

4 Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home !
Let Thy Saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore ;
Come, with thousand Angels, come ;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home !

Henry Alford, 1844.

PSALM LXV. C. M.

547 'TIS by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !

The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to lower.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring :
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are Thine ;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wandering fountains of the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

548 **E**TERNAL source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade !
- 5 O, may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

7s.

- 549 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use :
 - 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
 - 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

- 5 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green, untimely fruit ;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;
- 8 Should Thine altered hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy ;
- 9 Yet to Thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing 's flown,
 Love Thee for Thyself alone !

Mrs. Barbauld, 1825.

C. M.

- 550 **S**HEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day ;
 To all Thy tempted followers give
 The power to trust and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on Thee be cast,
 In never-ceasing prayer.

Fasting and Pestilence. [550, 551

- 3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see Thy Face,
And know Thy hidden Name.
- 4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart —
I will not let Thee go :
- 5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me :
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say, — I died for thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top,
Behold Thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise. Amen.

C. Wesley, 1749.

P. M.

- 551** JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep :
Prone, like Peter, to deny,
Like Peter, I would weep.
Let me be by grace restored ;
On me be all long-suffering shown ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart ;

Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of Thy grief unknown ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 For Thine own compassion's sake
 The gracious wonder show ;
 Cast my sins behind Thy back,
 And wash me white as snow :
 Let Thy pity help afford,
 And while I do myself bemoan,
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

C. Wesley, 1741

7s.

552 'TIS a point I long to know, —
 Oft it causes anxious thought, —
 Do I love the Lord, or no ?
 Am I His, or am I not ?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard His name.

- 3 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
 Filled with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?

- 4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mixed with all I do ;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you ?

Fasting and Pestilence. [552, 553

- 5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 6 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 7 Lord, decide the doubtful case ;
Thou, who art Thy people's sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 8 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

John Newton, 1770.

C. M.

- 553 **B**ENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season hath its own disease,
Its peril every hour !
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay ;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come ?
- 5 Then, mortal, turn ! thy danger know :
 Where'er thy foot can tread,
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead !
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given :
 The dead, who underneath thee lie,
 Shall live for hell or heaven !

Bishop Heber, 1812.

C. M.

- 554** **I**N grief and fear, to Thee, O Lord,
 For succor now we fly ;
 Thine awful judgments are abroad,
 O shield us lest we die.
 The fell disease on every side
 Walks forth with tainted breath ;
 And pestilence, with rapid stride,
 Bestrews the land with death.
- 2 O look with pity on the scene
 Of sadness and of dread,
 And let Thine angel stand between
 The living and the dead.
 With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
 We turn, who oft have strayed ;
 Accept the sacrifice we bring,
 And let the plague be stayed.

William Bullock, 1854.

L. M. 6 lines.

The Sea.

555 ETERNAL Father ! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !

2 O Christ ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !

3 Most Holy Spirit ! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea !

4 O Trinity of love and power !
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting, 1862.

Human Life.

PSALM XC. L. M.

- 556** **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
 High was Thy throne, ere heaven was made,
 Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time began,
 Or dust was fashioned into man ;
 And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity ;
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just, —
 “ Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away ; our life ’s a dream ;
 An empty tale ; a morning flower,
 Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
 And kindly lengthen out our span ;
 Till a wise care of piety
 Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M. -

- 557** **H**OW swift the torrent rolls
 That bears us to the sea ;
 The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity !

- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they called their own ?
 Their joys and griefs have passed away,
 Their wealth and honor gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie
 Must all their children dwell ;
 Nor other heritage possess
 But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear
 Thou everlasting friend ;
 While we as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to Thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead,
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till, with them in the land of light,
 We dwell before Thy face.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

7s.

558 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise !
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless Thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above !

John Newton, 1779.

S. M.

559 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine !
 Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by Thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 O make Thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken by Thine Almighty power,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care :
 O be it still pursued ;
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair
 Should never be renewed.

- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

PSALM XXXIX. C. M.

560 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

- 3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my All.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

561 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !

- 2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !
- 4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

- 562** O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward !
- 2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long, succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward !

Tate and Brady, 1696.

L. M.

563 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys :
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !

Mrs. Barbauld, 1825.

L. M.

564 **A** SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep !
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes !

2 Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet :
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death hath lost its venom'd sting !

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus ! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be :
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
 Debars this precious hiding-place :
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

C. M.

565 **W**HEN bending o'er the brink of life
 My trembling soul shall stand,
 Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
 Great God, at Thy command ;

2 O Thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

3 Lay Thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

W. Bengo Collyer, 1812.

L. M.

566 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M.

567 **I**T is not death to die:
To leave this weary road,

And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life !
Thy chosen cannot die ;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1848.

7s, 6s, 7s, 7s, & 6s.

568 NO, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

- 2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be ;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

- 3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."
- 4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know ;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.
- 5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.
- 6 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind !
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing ;
Here, drops alone we find.

Translated by R. P. Dunn, 1852.

I IS.

"I would not live alway." — Job 7: 16.

- 569 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —
Temptation without and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

- 3 I would not live alway : no, welcome the tomb !
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
 There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

W. A. Muhlenburg, 1823.

I. M.

- 570** ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 I am nearer home to-day
 Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be ;
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea ;
 - 3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down ;
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown.
 - 4 But lying darkly between,
 Winding down through the night,
 Is the silent unknown stream,
 That leads at last to the light.

5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink ;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think :

6 Father, perfect my trust ;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

Phæbe Cary, 1854.

L. M.

571 **T**HE hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let Thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
I bow before Thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand ;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

- 6 The hour of my departure 's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home ;
 Now, O my God ! let trouble cease !
 Now let Thy servant die in peace.

Michael Bruce, 1766.

8s & 7s.

572 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below ;
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go !

- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo, the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To His uttermost salvation,
 To His everlasting rest.

- 4 For the joy He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die to live the life of glory ;
 Suffer with thy Lord to reign.

C. Wesley, 1749.

7s.

573 **T**HOU, whose never-failing arm,
 Led me all my earthly way,
 Brought me out of every harm
 Safely to my closing day :
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

2 From this state of sin and pain,
 From this world of grief and strife,
 From this body's mortal chain,
 From this weak, imperfect life :
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

3 To the mansions of Thy love,
 To the spirits of the just,
 To the angel hosts above,
 To Thyself, my only trust :
 Thou in whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

L. M.

574 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 Awhile to slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the forms that slumber here ;
 And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blest the bed ;
 Rest here, dear saint, till from His throne
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn !
 Attend, O earth, His sovereign word ;
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form :
 He must ascend to meet his Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

- 575** WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
There hopes unfading bloom.
- 4 The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s.

- 576** CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasures lie,
Where our life is hid on high.
- 2 Day by day the Voice saith "Come,
Enter this eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul its summons there.

- 3 Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."
- 4 But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And, since He hath ordered this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.
- 5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear:
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou will be our All in all.

Anon.

8s & 7s.

- 577** **C**EASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.
 - 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
 - 4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

W. Bengo Collyer, 1812.

12s.

- 578 **T**HOU art gone to the grave : but we will not
deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb ;
The Saviour hath passed through its portal before
thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave : we no longer behold
thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave : and, its mansion forsak-
ing,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the sera-
phim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave : but we will not deplore
thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
thee ;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.
- Bishop Heber, 1812.*

S. M.

- 579 **S**ERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ :
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came ;
 He started up to hear :
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
 He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare !"
 He woke, — and caught his Captain's eye ;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
- 4 His spirit with a bound
 Left its encumbering clay :
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 5 The pains of death are past ;
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
- 6 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery, 1825.

S. M.

- 580 **A**ND must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay ?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

581 **T**HROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of earth shall beat.

- 4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie ;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White, 1807.

C. M.

582 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

- 2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust ;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till that salvation come :
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

L. M.

- 583** **D**EAREST of names, our Lord, our King !
Jesus, Thy praise we humbly sing :
In cheerful songs we'll spend our breath,
And in Thee triumph over death.
- 2 Death is no more among our foes,
Since Christ, the mighty Conqueror, rose ;
Both power and sting the Saviour broke ;
He died, and gave the finished stroke.
- 3 Saints die, and we should gently weep ;
Sweetly in Jesus' arms they sleep ;
Far from this world of sin and woe,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor grief, they know.
- 4 Death no terrific foe appears ;
An angel's lovely form he wears ;
A friendly messenger he proves
To every soul whom Jesus loves.
- 5 Death is a sleep ; and O how sweet
To souls prepared its stroke to meet !
Their dying beds, their graves are blest,
For all to them is peace and rest.
- 6 Their bodies sleep : their souls take wing,
Uprise to heaven, and there they sing
With joy before the Saviour's face,
Triumphant in victorious grace.

Christ's Second Coming. [583, 584

- 7 Soon shall the earth's remotest bound
Feel the Archangel's trumpet sound ;
Then shall the grave's dark caverns shake,
And joyful all the saints shall wake.
- 8 Bodies and souls shall then unite,
Arrayed in glory, strong and bright ;
And all His saints will Jesus bring
His face to see, His love to sing.
- 9 O may I live, with Jesus nigh,
And sleep in Jesus when I die !
Then, joyful, when from death I wake,
I shall eternal bliss partake.

Samuel Medley, 1790.

7s & 6s.

- 584** REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear ;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near :
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh :
Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle !
At midnight comes the cry.
- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
Look now for your Salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till, in your jubilations,
 Ye meet the angel-choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand ;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory !
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear ;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere !
 With heart and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with Thee !

Laurenti, 1690 ; translated by Jane Borthwick.

C. M.

585 **W**HEN came in flesh the Incarnate Word,
 The heedless world slept on,
 And only simple shepherds heard
 That God had sent His Son.

2 When comes the Saviour at the last,
 From west to east shall shine
 The awful pomp, and earth aghast
 Shall tremble at the sign.

3 Then shall the pure in heart be blest ;
 As mild He comes to them,
 As when upon the virgin's breast
 He lay at Bethlehem :

Christ's Second Coming. [585, 586

- 4 As mild to meek-eyed love and faith ;
Only more strong to save ;
Strengthened by having bowed to death,
By having burst the grave.
- 5 Lord ! who could dare see Thee descend
In state, unless he knew
Thou art the sorrowing sinner's Friend,
The gracious and the true ?
- 6 Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest !
So shall thine Advent-Dawn
'Twixt us and Thee, our bosom Guest,
Be but the veil withdrawn.

Prof. Joseph Anstice, 1836.

L. M.

- 586 **T**HE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ; but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of humankind.
- 4 Can this be He who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power opprest, and mocked by pride,
O God ! is this the Crucified ?

- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
“ Rocks, hide us ! mountains, on us fall ! ”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, “ The Lord is come ! ”

Bishop Heber, 1811.

8s & 7s, 8s, 8s, & 7s.

- 587 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created :
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
And greet the Archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning :
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing :
The ungodly rise and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
They shake before the Judge's throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring !
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.

Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.

(First stanza Anon., from Bartholomew Ringwaldt, 1550.)

C. M.

588 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour make haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O wretched state of deep despair!
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast:
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands!
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 589** **L** O ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears, on earth to reign !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment, come away !
- 4 Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !
- 5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit ;
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
 The new heaven and earth to inherit
 Take Thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !

- 6 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own :
 O come quickly,
 Everlasting God, come down !

Variation by Martin Madan, 1760.

From Charles Wesley and John Cennick.

S. M.

- 590 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear :
- 2 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray :
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
- 4 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all Thy glorious grace.
- 5 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to His word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !

6 O may we thus insure
 Our lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1749.

L. M.

591 **T**HAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away !
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

2 When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ! —

3 O, on that day — that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

Sir Walter Scott, 1805 ; translated from Dies Irae.

C. M.

592 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear !

2 If now, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought ;

- 3 When Thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 Then, see my sorrows, gracious Lord !
Let mercy set me free,
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of Thee.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure,
Since Thy belovéd Son has died
To make that mercy sure.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

S. M.

- 593** AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished shrink away ?
 - 3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread !
 - 4 Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge, 1745.

C. P. M.

594 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,

Shall I among them stand ?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,

Who sometimes am afraid to die,

Be found at Thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet Thy people now,

Before Thy feet with them to bow,

Though vilest of them all ;

But — can I bear the piercing thought —

What if my name should be left out,

When Thou for them shalt call !

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace ;

Be Thou my only Hiding-place,

In this the accepted day :

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,

To still my unbelieving fear ;

Nor let me fall, I pray !

4 Among Thy saints let me be found,

Whene'er the Archangel's trump shall sound,

To see Thy smiling face ;

Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,

While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

Lady Huntington, 1764.

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

595 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour, reigns ;
Praise Him in evangelic strains :

Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,

And distant islands join their voice.

- 2 Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne,
Though gloomy clouds His way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes !
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before Him burns devouring fire ;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

7s & 6s.

596 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

- 2 O one, O only Mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard, 1150 ; translated by J. M. Neale.

C. M.

597 FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes
 But half its joys explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise
 And dwell on earth no more !

3 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.
- 7 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !
- 8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele, 1760.

S. M.

- 598** **F**OREVER with the Lord ! ”
Amen ; so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word ;
’Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam :
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 " Forever with the Lord ! "
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfill.
- 5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
" Forever with the Lord ! "

James Montgomery, 1825.

7s & 6s.

- 599** JERUSALEM, the golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O, I know not,
What holy joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever, and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.
O land that seest no sorrow !
O state that fear'st no strife !
O royal land of flowers !
O realm and home of life !

4 O sweet and blessed country !
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard, 1150 ; translated by J. M. Neale.

C. M.

600 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes, —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

8s, 6s, & 8s.

- 601 **S**INCE o'er Thy footstool here below
 Such radiant gems are strown,
 O what magnificence must glow,
 My God, about Thy throne !
 So brilliant here these drops of light,
 There the full ocean rolls, how bright !
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught,
 Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer vail,
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

- 3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze, —
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine :
 What, then, the day where Thou dost shine.
- 4 Ah, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays !
 Or how my spirit so impure,
 Upon Thy brightness gaze !
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that world of light.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1823.

C. M.

- 602 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all, —
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

C. M.

603 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1846.

7s.

604 **W**HAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His Almighty Name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fear ;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819.

7s.

605 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love :
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Passed this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never weep again :

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !

- 3 Happy spirits ! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

Thomas Raffles, 1812.

C. M.

- 606 **T**HERE is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.
- 2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies ;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.
- 3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this :
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.
- 4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath ;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

- 5 Far from this guilty world to be
 Exempt from toil and strife ;
 To spend eternity with Thee,
 My Saviour, this is life !

Bishop East.

C. M.

607 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be !

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins and doubts and fears.

- 3 I ask them whence their victory came :
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to His death.

- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod ;
 His zeal inspired their breast ;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For His own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

7s & 6s

608 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;

Rise from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul ! and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

C. M.

609 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight !

- 3 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett, 1750.

PSALM XVII. L. M.

- 610** **W**HAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
 - 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

C. M.

- 611 **O** MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates all of orient pearl,
O God, if I were there !
- 3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;
For evermore they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

- 4 There the blest souls that hardly 'scaped
 The snare of death and hell,
 Triumph in joy eternally,
 Whereof no tongue can tell.
 O mother dear, Jerusalem !
 When shall I come to thee !
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

F. B. P., 1616.

C. M.

- 612** JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end
 When I thy joys shall see.

From a Latin Hymn of 8th Century

C. M.

- 613** MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil :
 There springs of endless pleasure rise ;
 The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blesséd Three in One ;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands forever firm ;
 His grace shall ne'er depart :
 He binds my name upon His arm,
 And seals it on His heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I forever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

S. M. double.

- 614** A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,

And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,

Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign :
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away. Amen.

H. Bonar, 1866.

8s, 6s, & 6s.

615 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old ;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold ?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here ;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

- 4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.
- 5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.
- 6 Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight. Amen.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862.

IOS & IIS.

616 “SOON and forever,” such promise our trust,
 Though ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust :
 “Soon and forever,” our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee :

When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail, and where death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and forever."

- 2 "Soon and forever," the breaking of day
Shall drive all the night clouds of sorrow away:
"Soon and forever," we'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning of things that have
been :

When fightings without us, and fears from within,
Shall weary no more in the warfare of sin ;
Where fears, and where tears, and where death shall
be never,
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and forever."

- 3 "Soon and forever" the work shall be done ;
The warfare accomplished, the victory won ;
"Soon and forever" the soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and his cross for a crown ;
Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near ;
When (blessed reward of each faithful endeavor)
Christians with Christ shall be "soon and forever."
J. B. S. Monsell, 1865.

Doxologies.

GLORIA PATRI.

- 1 **G**LORY be to the Father, and to the Son :
And to the Holy Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
World without end. Amen.

L. M.

- 2 **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

L. M.

- 3 **T**O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven !

C. M.

- 4 **L**ET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

- 5 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore !

S. M.

6 YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

S. M.

7 TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be,
 As was, and is, and shall remain
 Through all eternity !

7s.

8 HOLY Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
 Glory as of old to Thee,
 Now and evermore shall be.

7s.

9 GLORY to the Eternal One,
 Glory to His only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be
 Now, and through eternity.

L. P. M.

10 NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given, —
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven !

C. P. M.

- 11 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
Is now, and shall forever last,
When time shall be no more !

H. M.

- 12 **T**O God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers eternal King !
Thy Name we sing while faith adores.

6s & 4s.

- 13 **T**O the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore ;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore !

8s & 7s.

- 14 **P**RAISE the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love,
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

15 **G**LORY be to God the Father !
Glory be to God the Son !
Glory be to God the Spirit !
Great Jehovah, Three in One :
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

REV. V. 12, 13.

16 **W**ORTHY is the Lamb that was slain,
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom,
And strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,
Be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto
the Lamb,
Forever and ever. Amen.

APPENDIX.

NOTES ON THE ORIGIN OF HYMNS.

Chiefly extracted from "Singers and Songs of the Church," Josiah Miller, A. M., London, 1869; and "Christian Singers of Germany," Catherine Winkworth, London, 1869.

THE following is an extract from the Preface of Mr. Miller's work : —

"In our public assemblies prose compositions are usually given with the illustration they derive from our knowledge of the author; and we very seldom put any particular composition to the disadvantage of being judged by its intrinsic merits and apart from our knowledge of its author. But our hymns suffer from this disadvantage. In many instances they embody the sentiments of a particular writer, and were born of the peculiar circumstances in which he wrote them; yet all that we know of them beyond their internal testimony, is their number in a Collection, or the page on which they are found. It is the object of this work to assist in removing this disadvantage, and to lend new interest to our public praise by informing the worshipper of the lives of the authors and the origin and history of the hymns."

The space allotted for these notes makes them necessarily incomplete, and confined to the lives of only a few of the hymn-writers. They are inserted as tending to accomplish the object of our Prayer (p. xviii), that we may partake of the spirit of those whose hymns we read and sing,

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and thus be enabled the better to "*commune with the church universal and with God*" in our Sacrifice of Praise. The selection is made chiefly from the lives of those who are least familiarly known in the American churches.

No. 6. — "*Father, thine elect who lovest.*" Thomas H. Gill, 1860. Mr. Gill is a layman residing in England, whose hymns, growing out of his own religious experience, possess extraordinary merit. Educated a Unitarian, he says of himself, "I first began to chafe under the yoke, through my exceeding delight in the hymns of Watts, and from the contrast between their native power and beauty and their shrunk and dwindled plight when shorn of their inspiring theology, by Unitarian mutilations." Of No. 465, which is his most popular, Mr. Gill says, "I wrote it when fresh from the contemplation of the misery and anarchy of Shelley's life. The blessing that has gone with it is wonderful." Rev. F. M. Bird writes as follows, regarding Mr. Gill's hymns: "Wesley in 1739 was scarcely more an innovator on the then established precedents of hymn-writing than was Mr. Gill ten years ago. His hymns though little known now, will, we believe, be well known and widely used hereafter."

No. 9. — "*The God of Abraham praise.*" Thomas Olivers, 1725-1799. The author was brought up on a farm in Ireland, and apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of eighteen. He became one of Mr. Wesley's successful travelling preachers. This admirable hymn consisted originally of twelve stanzas, and was published with sixty-nine scriptural references, "*adapted to a celebrated air, sung by Priest Signor Leoni, at the Jews' Synagogue, London.*" The tune is called *Leoni* in our present books. This hymn was a source of great consolation to Henry Martyn, when in 1805 he was bidding adieu to his native land, and setting out on his important missionary career. Montgomery's opinion of it was stated thus: "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive, but like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less in the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind grows greater by contemplating it."

No. 11. — "*Before Jehovah's awful throne.*" Isaac Watts, D. D., 1674-1748. Montgomery justly styles Watts "the greatest name

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among hymn-writers," and the corrected judgment of modern times gives him his deserved place of honor. His hymns have been the solace and delight of the common people as well as of men of powerful intellect. Watts did not claim to be a poet. He apologizes for the absence of poetic form and display, on the ground of his desire to write to the level of ordinary worshippers, yet all will admit that many of his hymns are of unparalleled excellence. In versifying the Psalms, he expressed the view that they should be "translated in such a manner as we have reason to believe David would have composed them if he had lived in our day." And in contrast with the practice of his predecessors he says, "What need is there that I should wrap up the shining honors of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a religion that is now forever abolished, especially when Christians are so vehemently warned, in the Epistles of St. Paul, against a Judaizing Spirit in their worship as well as doctrine." Watts' parents were eminently pious, and suffered much in the persecution during the reign of Charles II. He was settled over the Independent Church, Berry Street, London, but in consequence of poor health, he passed the last thirty-six years of his life with his friend, Sir Thomas Abney (a Dissenter), in Hertfordshire. The first verse of the above hymn is as altered by John Wesley, who took great delight in Watts' hymns. Watts' version of Psalm 146 has special interest, as the last used by Mr. Wesley. When near his end he suddenly broke out in the appropriate words: "I'll praise my Maker with my breath," etc. At the close of a long life, the Rev. Henry March said, "My confession of faith you will find in Watts' hymn, 'No more, my God, I boast no more.'" At the close of his liberal and useful life Dr. Watts remarked, "It is a great mercy that I have no manner of fear or dread of death. I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without alarm this afternoon or night."

No. 21. — "*Let us with a gladsome mind.*" John Milton, 1608–1674. This is part of a version of the 136th Psalm, written by Milton at the age of fifteen.

No. 29. — "*The Lord descended from above.*" Thomas Sternhold, 1547. This is part of the 18th Psalm, originally in forty-nine verses, by Thomas Sternhold, who was Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. of England. In company with John Hopkins and William Kethe he produced the first English metrical version of the Book of Psalms. It appeared after his death in 1562, annexed to the Book of Common

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Prayer. Keble and other competent judges have valued this old version for its accuracy in representing the Hebrew original. The high appreciation of the work by contemporaries is shown by the following parish-church record in Gloucestershire, "Let it be remembered for the honor of this parish of Awre, that from it first sounded out the Psalms of David in English metre, by Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins." Sternhold was a zealous reformer, a strict liver, and his effort to versify the Psalms is said to have originated in his being so scandalized by the secular songs which were common among courtiers of that day.

No. 31. — "*Eternal Light, Eternal Light.*" Thomas Binney, D. D., born about 1798. The first years of Mr. Binney's active life were spent in a bookseller's shop, where by laborious study and by economizing his spare moments he laid the foundation for his future success. His life-work was as pastor of the King's Weigh-House Chapel in London. His lectures and sermons have been asked for in print, and sometimes on revision have grown into books. In 1845 he visited America. Mr. Binney has been justly styled a Prince among thinkers. This complete hymn, presenting an epitome of the gospel, has traces of that sublimity and force of mind which characterize the author's discourses. It was written and set to music on behalf of a charitable society in London.

No. 49. — "*Let all the just to God with joy.*" Nahum Tate, 1652-1715. Tate was the son of a clergyman who was a voluminous producer of sacred poetry in the Elizabethan era. He became poet-laureate of England, and in company with Dr. Nicholas Brady he published, in 1698, the version of Psalms now common in the English Prayer Book, which version superseded that of Sternhold and Hopkins of 1562.

No. 54. — "*The Lord is King, lift up thy voice.*" Josiah Conder, 1789-1855. Modern hymnology owes much to Josiah Conder. Like his friend, James Montgomery, he cultivated it as an art, aided its promoters, and added to its riches. He was the son of a London bookseller, and became proprietor and editor of the "Eclectic Review." During this brilliant period in the history of the "Eclectic," its pages were enriched by contributions from his friends, Robert Hall, John Foster, Dr. Chalmers, and others. Conder wrote over fifty hymns. They are evidently the production of one who had

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passed through many trials, and who was familiar with Christian doctrine, and rich in Christian experience.

No. 55. — “*Come, O my soul in sacred lays.*” Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Edinburgh, Scotland, 1721–1791. A peculiar interest belongs to the success of this hymn-writer, because achieved in spite of the privation of sight, which he lost when only *six months old*. His faithful descriptions of natural scenery, referred to by Burke in his “*Sublime and Beautiful*,” awaken astonishment as the productions of one who had long been blind.

No. 57. — “*God moves in a mysterious way.*” William Cowper, 1731–1800. Cowper suffered beyond measure from diffidence and self-distrust. Encouraged by John Newton, at Olney, the poet finally overcame his diffidence so as occasionally to offer prayer at a religious meeting. Like the prayers of many others who have overcome similar obstacles, those of Mr. Cowper excelled. Said one, who was often present, “Of all the men I ever heard pray, none equaled Mr. Cowper.” The origin of this hymn is interesting. It is said that in one of those periods of despondency to which he was subject, Cowper fancied it was the Divine will he should go and drown himself in the river Ouse. The driver of the post-chaise missed his way, and on their return Cowper wrote this sublime hymn. Hymn No. 418, “O for a closer walk with God,” is expressive of his own inward fears and yearnings. No. 368, “Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,” was written during a Sabbath in the country, after a season of depression, and when he enjoyed the services of God’s house in an unusual degree.

No. 61. — “*O Lord, I would delight in Thee.*” John Ryland, D. D., 1753–1825. Ryland’s father was a clergyman of high attainments, and early trained his son in the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, and from his pious mother he received, as Doddridge had done, scriptural instruction from the Dutch tiles that adorned their fire-place. Dr. Ryland became president of the Baptist College, Bristol, England, and preceded the celebrated Robert Hall in the pastorate at Broadmead Chapel. Brown University, at Providence, R. I., conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was a laborious servant of God, was one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society, and composed ninety-nine hymns. This one is of peculiar interest, by reason of the author’s note on the original manuscript, namely, “I recollect deeper feelings of mind in composing this hymn than per-

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haps I ever felt in making any other." In 1825 he peacefully departed, uttering the words "No more pain." Distinguished men honored his memory; John Foster, by an article in the "Eclectic Review," and Robert Hall in a funeral sermon. Both passed high eulogiums upon him as a pastor, preacher, tutor, and author.

No. 62.—"*To Thy pastures fair and large.*" James Merrick, M. A., 1720–1769. This sacred poet, coming after Tate and Brady, prepared a new version of the Psalms in England, for which royal sanction was sought, but not obtained. It contained some excellent pieces, of which this is one. Merrick was a great classical scholar. Lord North was one of his pupils. Bishop Lowth characterized him as "one of the best of men and most classical of scholars."

No. 63.—"*The Lord's my Shepherd.*" Francis Rous, 1645. Rous was the son of an English knight. He espoused the cause of the Puritans, was appointed a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines in 1643, and first tryer of preachers under Cromwell. Sternhold and Hopkins' version of the Psalms being then considered obsolete by many, Rous' version was adopted, and it is this substantially (revised and corrected by a committee of the General Assembly) that is still in use among the churches in Scotland.

No. 89.—"*All praise to Thee, eternal Lord.*" Martin Luther, 1483–1546. Luther was exceedingly fond of music and poetry. He ranked music next in place to theology. In the "Concord of sweet sounds" he found solace in trouble, and stimulus in his exhausting enterprises. At his own house he gathered a band of men skilled in music, with whose assistance he arranged to his own heart-stirring words the old and favorite melodies of Germany, taking care to adapt them to *congregational worship*, so that the people might resume their place in public praise, of which their Romish guides had deprived them. He translated some of the best Latin hymns, improved old popular German hymns, wrote himself, and encouraged others to write metrical versions of some parts of the Bible. He wrote to a friend as follows: "I confess myself to be one of those who are more influenced and delighted by poetry, than by the most eloquent oration, even of Cicero or Demosthenes. From my youth I have constantly studied the Psalms with much delight. I glory in this, that, for all the thrones and kingdoms of the world, I would not relinquish what I have gained by meditating upon the Psalms through the blessing of the

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Holy Spirit." Luther's psalms and hymns were caught up and sung by the masses ; and the enemies of the Reformation said, "Luther has done us more harm by his songs than by his sermons." Coleridge says, "Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible." These hymns made a bond of union between men who knew little of Creeds and Articles ; every devout man could understand the blessedness of singing God's praises in good honest German, instead of gazing idly at the mass or listening to a Latin litany ; the children learned Luther's hymns in the cottage, and martyrs sang them on the scaffold. Luther's psalms and hymns are not marked by their refined taste, but are full of Scripture truth, and in their simple beauty and homely strength are plain to the comprehension of all.

No. 91. — "*Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.*" George Weissel, 1590-1635. This beautiful advent hymn is believed to have been written during the period when the Thirty Years' War was raging. Weissel was minister of the church of Königsberg, Prussia.

No. 97. — "*Beyond where Cedron's waters flow.*" Rev. S. F. Smith, 1850. This is by an eminent Baptist clergyman of Massachusetts, the principal editor of the "Psalmist," and the author of many good hymns.

No. 101. — "*O sacred head, now wounded.*" Paul Gerhardt, 1606-1676 ; translated by James W. Alexander. To Paul Gerhardt is conceded by many the highest place among the hymn-writers of Germany. He was the son of a magistrate in Saxony, and his early life was passed during that period of dreadful suffering in Germany, the Thirty Years' War. In 1657 he removed to Berlin, where he was held in high honor as a powerful preacher and an earnest Christian pastor. He was at one time deposed from his spiritual office on account of his uncompromising adherence to Lutheran doctrine. He said, "This is only a small Berlin affliction ; but I am also willing and ready to seal with my blood the Evangelical truth, and, like my namesake St. Paul, to offer my neck to the sword." His refuge and refreshment under the greatest trials late in life was in his gift of song, and his last words when dying were from one of his own hymns, —

"Him no death has power to kill."

Gerhardt's hymns combine simplicity with depth and force. They are

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the heart utterances of one who had a simple but sublime faith in God. Schiller's mother was one of many who taught their sons Gerhardt's hymns. Several instances are on record of the comfort this one has been to Christians in death ; especially interesting is the case of the missionary Schwartz, whom the native Christians in India comforted by singing this hymn in their own Tamil, into which it had been translated.

No. 107. — "*Christ the Lord is risen again.*" Easter hymn of Bohemian Church, fifteenth century. The Bohemian Brethren were the remains of an ancient Slavonic Christianity which owed its origin to the teaching of two Greek monks in the ninth century, and was in existence before the papal authority and Roman liturgy found their way to Bohemia. Throughout the Middle Ages a tacit struggle existed between the two elements. When the Reformation began, the Bohemian Brethren were among the first to hail it ; as early as 1522 they sent messengers to Luther to wish him success. Many of their finest hymns were translated into German, and were much admired by Luther. This hymn is therefore especially interesting, traced as it is to the early dawn of the Reformation.

No. 120. — "*All hail the power of Jesus' name.*" Edward Perronet, died 1792. About the year 1750 Perronet was the Christian brother and companion in travel of Charles Wesley. He is said to have been of sharp wit, and a very successful minister. Subsequently he preached at Canterbury for the Countess of Huntingdon with great success. But his great hostility to the English church system, at length gave offense to the Countess. He is believed to have been the author of "*The Mitre*," a very keen satire on the national establishment. He preached until his death. His last words were, "Glory to God in the height of His Divinity ; glory to God in the depth of His Humanity ; glory to God in His all-sufficiency, and into His hands I commend my spirit."

No. 122. — "*Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.*" John Bakewell, 1721-1819. Bakewell was a Wesleyan local preacher in England, for nearly seventy years. This fervent lyric had its origin in the revival times of the Wesleys. At Bakewell's house Thomas Olivers is said to have written his celebrated hymn, "*The God of Abraham praise.*" Bakewell wrote a letter on brotherly love which was published after he was ninety years of age. He had been intimately associated with the

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principal religious controversialists at a period when controversies were bitter.

No. 130. — "*When marshaled on the nightly plain.*" Henry Kirke White, 1785-1806. Though in very humble life he made acquisitions in knowledge with such extraordinary ability, that he has been called the "*Crichton of Nottingham.*" His excessive studies, pursued too often by the light of the midnight lamp, gave him a first place in the University of Cambridge, but wasted his frail body, and he died before completing his twenty-third year. The most talented poets of England were his enthusiastic admirers. This hymn becomes of special interest when regarded as a record of his own progress from skepticism to the Christian faith.

No. 133. — "*To Thee, my Shepherd and my God.*" Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1744-1768. The writer was a young clergyman of promise, settled at Sudbury, England, the author of twenty-five hymns. A melancholy interest is attached to them from the fact of his early death. His sensitive nature caused him to fall a victim to party disputes, and his earthly career closed at the age of twenty-four.

No. 135. — "*One there is above all others.*" John Newton, 1725-1807. London was the birthplace of this eminent servant of God, "Once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa," as he wrote of himself in his epitaph. Newton's mother was a pious Dissenter, and trained her son carefully, *having in her heart* that he would be one day engaged in the Christian ministry, — a work to which she had devoted him. The wonderful work of grace whereby this once infidel and dissolute sailor was transformed to a humble Christian, and subsequently to an effective and zealous gospel minister, may be read, not only in his biography, but also in Newton's hymns. Perhaps no hymns "teach and admonish," by a record of individual experience, more clearly and simply than these. He calls them "the fruit and expression of his own experience." For many years he faithfully served in the gospel at Olney, daily consoling the suffering Cowper, and stimulating him to useful effort. His labors only ceased with his long and useful life, in 1802.

No. 136. — "*When gathering clouds around I view.*" Sir Robert Grant, 1785-1838. The author was a member of the British Parliament, a brother of Lord Glenelg, a privy councilor, and subsequently

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governor of Bombay. This affecting Christian hymn, and others by the same author, show how rich a vein of spiritual life sometimes flows in the hearts of those who occupy the highest positions of worldly honor and trust.

No. 139. — “*My faith looks up to Thee.*” Ray Palmer, D. D., 1830. This universal favorite, we are informed, was written at a time when the late Dr. Nettleton was preaching with great success in the Brick and the Murray Street Presbyterian churches, New York. It was a time of great religious interest. This hymn, consecrated at that juncture by prayer and the deepest emotion, has proved one of the most useful of modern times.

No. 140. — “*Rock of ages, cleft for me.*” Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-1778. This hymn first appeared in the “Gospel Magazine” for March, 1776, which its author, at that time, edited. He styled it, “A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world.” Toplady’s admirable hymns are full of great Scriptural doctrines, and of the richest and deepest experience of the Christian in the use of them. Montgomery has justly said of them, “There is a peculiarly ethereal spirit in some of these, in which, whether mourning or rejoicing, praying or praising, the writer seems absorbed in the full triumph of faith.” And he adds, that though his poetic torch is inferior in breadth and volume of flame to Charles Wesley’s, “yet the light which it sheds is not less vivid and sparkling, while it may be said to be more delicate to the eye and refreshing to the spirits than that prodigality of radiance which the rival luminary casts alike on everything it touched.” Yet this brilliant genius acknowledges that after long sitting under the means of grace in England, he was spiritually awakened in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God’s people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one Morris, a layman who could hardly spell his name. Toplady died at the early age of thirty-eight, full of faith and hope. On his death-bed, when told that his pulse was weaker, he said, “Blessed be God, this is a good sign ; my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.”

No. 143. — “*Thou very present Aid.*” Charles Wesley, 1708-1788. In the number and average excellence of his hymns Charles Wesley stands first in the whole history of Christian literature. He wrote about five thousand, and it is recorded that he died almost in the act

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of poetical composition. He was a scholar of classical training, and a poet of decided genius. Watts' hymns, however, are preëminent in exhibitions of the helplessness of man and the sovereignty of God. Wesley's are often more subjective — filled with impassioned desire after the love of God, and abounding in exhortations to action, and in eloquent appeals and warnings to Christians and the world. John Wesley truly said of his brother's hymns, "In these there is nothing put in to patch up the rhyme, no cant expressions, nothing bombastic on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. Here are both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language, and at the same time the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity." The poet Southey says of Wesley's hymns, "Perhaps no poems have ever been so devoutly committed to memory as these, nor so often quoted on a death-bed." This hymn was written for widows. The remarkable words in it, "triumphantly distress," remind one of the death of his sainted mother. John Wesley, in giving an account of that event, says, "We stood around her bed and fulfilled her last request uttered a little before she lost her speech, 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" No. 90 has been classed by a high Anglican writer, with "Jesus, lover of my soul," as above all Wesley's other productions. No. 167, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," written for the anniversary of one's conversion, commemorates his own introduction into Christian liberty. He relates that it was not until two years after he had gone with his brother on a mission to Georgia, that he had the first grain of faith, and he acknowledges the spiritual benefit he derived from a poor ignorant mechanic named Bray, whom he describes as knowing nothing but Christ.

No. 149. — "*Fierce was the wild billow.*" Anatolius, died 458; translated by J. M. Neale. This is one of Dr. Mason Neale's happiest renderings of an original in which the Scripture account of Christ's stilling the waves is most vividly pictured, and skillfully applied to the spiritual life. The influence of Anatolius was pious and peaceful. His compositions are few and short, but full of life and beauty, so that it is a matter of wonder and regret that they have not earlier been introduced into our hymnals.

No. 155. — "*Jesus, the very thought of Thee.*" Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153. Bernard was son of a nobleman in France, and became Abbot of Clairvaux, A. D. 1116. He was an eloquent preacher.

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Even kings and popes received his advice and yielded to his decisions. Luther calls him "the best monk that ever lived." He was a great theologian, a follower of Augustine in his doctrines, which he taught with definiteness and held with decision. He was earnest in effort, self-denying in life, unsparing in censure of abuses and corruptions, and full of zeal for what he believed to be Christian truth.

No. 164. — "*Jesus, and shall it ever be.*" Joseph Grigg, died 1768. This hymn is remarkable as having been written when the author was ten years old. It was published, headed "Shame of Jesus conquered by love, by a youth of ten years." Grigg in early life was a laboring mechanic. Subsequently he entered the ministry, and became pastor of the Silver Street church, in London. He was described as a friend of the poor, the charm of the social circle, and an attractive and useful preacher.

No. 173. — "*Come, all ye saints of God.*" James Boden, 1757–1841. For nearly forty-three years this hymn-writer was pastor of the church at Queen's Street, Sheffield, England. When a boy, he resided in the house at Chester where the eminent commentator, Matthew Henry, once resided; and in the garden where he played there was a summer-house, where, it is said, a large part of the commentary was written. This admirable lyric breathes forth the spirit of this devoted pastor, who was accustomed to preach three times every Sunday, and was indefatigable in promoting the interests of local religious and benevolent institutions.

No. 174. — "*We sing the praise of Him who died.*" Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855. Kelly was the son of a judge in Ireland, and was liberally educated for the bar. Whilst practicing his profession he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Edmund Burke. After a marked religious experience, he was ordained a minister of the Established Church, in 1792. With others as evangelical as himself, he preached with a success which awakened opposition. Soon after his ordination Mr. Kelly had felt scruples about his connection with the Established Church. These increased with his extended study of the Scriptures, until he became a Dissenter, not from persecution, but from principle. Possessed of ample means, he built several churches, and during his very long life he was the patron and advocate of every worthy, benevolent, and religious cause. He was a prolific hymn-writer, and of the calm, subdued power of this hymn Sir Roundell Palmer speaks in

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unqualified praise. He was a man of great and varied learning, and after about sixty years' active experience, he testified that nothing he had seen or heard had in the least changed his mind as to the grand truths of the gospel. He said, "What pacified the conscience then, does so now. What gave hope then, does so now. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

No. 177.—"*Come, O Creator-Spirit blest!*" The Veni, Creator Spiritus, from the age of Charlemagne; translated by Rev. Edward Caswall. This has been sung at the consecration of popes, electors, and bishops, and at regal coronations, for probably more than one thousand years. In former times the day was divided into eight parts, and a service was held at the end of each period of three hours; it is said that this hymn was then sung at nine o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Holy Ghost descended on the day of Pentecost.

No. 181.—"*Come, Holy Spirit, come.*" Joseph Hart, 1712-1768. Hart was a native of London, of pious parentage, and received a good education. By his own account, there was a period of nine or ten years during which he was "a loose backslider, an audacious apostate, and a bold-faced rebel." He even went so far as to publish a work on "The Unreasonableness of Religion." The history of his religious course is remarkable. Like Paul he commenced, soon after his conversion, to preach that faith he had endeavored to destroy. He wrote a number of popular hymns, none more dear to the church than this one.

No. 211.—"*Another six days' work is done.*" Joseph Stennett, D.D., 1663-1713. Dr. Stennett was pastor of a Baptist church in London. Although his family was large and his remuneration small, he refused all offers of lucrative preferment in the church. He died in his forty-ninth year. At the last he was calm and confident, saying to his friends, "I rejoice in the God of my salvation, who is my strength and my God."

No. 247.—"*Awake, my soul, and with the sun.*" Thomas Ken, 1637-1711. Bishop Ken was chaplain to Charles II., and attended that dissolute monarch in his last illness. He was a political sufferer under James II., and was committed to the Tower for refusing to read the "Declaration of Indulgence." His inflexibility in maintaining what he believed to be right, and his courage in reproving kings

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when it was necessary, made him many and powerful enemies. His two hymns on morning and evening were serviceable to Whitefield in his college life, as they have been to the church wherever the English language is spoken. Their closing verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," is considered a masterpiece of amplification and compression: "Amplification," says Montgomery, "on the burden, 'Praise God,' repeated in each line; compression, by exhibiting God as the object of praise in every view in which we can imagine praise due to Him,—praise for 'all blessings,' none coming from any other source; praise by every creature 'here below' and in 'heaven above;' praise to Him in each of the characters in which he has revealed Himself in His Word—'Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'" Probably there is no other verse in existence that is so often sung by Christians of all denominations.

No. 249.—"*New every morning is the love.*" John Keble, 1827. Keble was the author of the most popular collection of hymns of this century. His poetry is of a very high order, and his hymns are distinguished for their great refinement of taste. Christians of every name find in his verses a happy vein of piety, and the most spiritual doctrines applied to the common duties of daily life. Few of his hymns, however, are suited to congregational singing, yet they are eminently profitable for reading and meditation. The cordial reception they have met with among devout Christians, illustrates the truth that great benefit may be derived from hymns which from their nature and length are unfitted for congregational singing. Keble's "Christian Year" has passed through nearly one hundred editions since 1827. He himself attributed this success to "strong supplication which called down the charm." Keble was Vicar of Hursley, and devoted the profits of his works to rebuilding and adorning the church. Dr. Arnold and Archbishop Whately were among his friends. The latter described him as an "eagle in chains," in consequence of his extreme devotion to his ecclesiastical system. This devotion doubtless increased what it is said his constitutional temperament fostered,— "a calm, melancholy, resigned view regarding Christianity," quite the reverse of that vigorous and cheerful aspect presented in the writings of Wesley, Watts, and others, who were not embarrassed by so narrow views regarding the church.

No. 250.—"*When streaming from the eastern skies.*" William Shrubsole, 1759–1829. This favorite hymn, sometimes attributed to

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Sir Robert Grant, was written by Mr. Shrubsole, whose early life was occupied in Sheerness Dockyard. He rose to a clerkship, and finally to the responsible post of Secretary of the Committee of the Treasury in the Bank of England, where he actively employed his leisure hours in literary pursuits and in promoting the interests of great religious societies.

No. 252. — "*God of my life, through all my days.*" Philip Doddridge, 1674-1748. This author was one of the most successful of English hymn-writers. Of his hymns, three hundred and sixty-four in number, Montgomery says, "They shine in the beauty of holiness." He was in deep and delightful sympathy with his friend, Dr. Watts. His world-renowned work, "*The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*," was written at the suggestion of Dr. Watts, whose enfeebled health did not admit of his carrying out his own design, but who was spared to revise a part of what Dr. Doddridge had written. At the age of twenty-seven, Doddridge, at the suggestion of Dr. Watts and others, opened an academy for training young men for the ministry. He carried on this work while pastor of a church in Northampton, England, until the end of his useful life, producing also voluminous works during this period. About two hundred students received their training from him, of whom about one hundred and twenty entered the ministry. This hymn may be read autobiographically, especially verse 3, in reference to the peaceful thankfulness of his heart when the last wave of his life was ebbing out at Lisbon, where he died of consumption, at the age of forty-nine.

No. 255. — "*I love to steal awhile away.*" Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, 1783-1861. The origin of this hymn is exceedingly interesting. It was Mrs. Brown's habit to retire some distance from her house every day at a certain hour for meditation and prayer. The well-beaten path to the woods was discovered, and she was ridiculed by some thoughtless neighbor. Her son (a clergyman) relates the fact that this beautiful hymn was then written, expressive of her love of the hour and the place of prayer. Gill's hymn (No. 399), "*Alone with Thee, with Thee alone*," almost unknown to our churches, is of similar character and beauty. Mrs. Brown died in Illinois in 1861.

No. 263. — "*The day, O Lord, is spent.*" John Mason Neale, D. D., 1818-1866. Learned and voluminous as a writer, Dr. Neale was one of the most devoted promoters of the modern High Church movement

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in England. He has rendered to all branches of the Christian Church great service by his skillful translations of the mediæval hymns. He was warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. His life was divided between excessive literary toil and exhausting labors of piety and benevolence. He founded a Nursing Sisterhood, and promoted the establishment of Cottage Hospitals. A clergyman who knew him well, concludes a high tribute to his memory by saying: "Of all his teachings, and all his elevating of the spiritual intellect, the most edifying to my own soul was when I saw him, in his last illness, laying in the dust all his works and all his talents, and casting himself, as a little child, only on the atoning work of Jesus Christ." Thus the prayer in the third verse of his beautiful translation from *Anatolius* (Hymn No. 149) was answered in his own case.

No. 265. — "*Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.*" James Edmeston, 1791-1867. James Edmeston, occupying the position of a London architect, yet found time to become one of the largest contributors to our recent hymnology. There is peculiar sweetness in his verses. This hymn was for years used at the close of service in the church at Homerton, which Mr. E. attended. He died in 1867.

No. 266. — "*Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.*" Frederick William Faber, D. D., 1815-1863. The hymns and poems of this eminent sacred poet are second to none in sentiment and beauty. Many of his verses express the best thoughts and feelings of Christians of all denominations. His hymns were written in the devout and grateful spirit he exhibits in their preface. He says, "It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Him." Faber was a graduate of Oxford, and took orders in the English Church. In 1846 he became a Roman Catholic, his secession being a sudden act, arising from a feeling that he lacked priestly efficacy in the community to which he belonged. Dr. Faber seems to partake of the spirit of the most pious monks of the mediæval period, when "religion shut itself up in cloisters for very heart-sickness." He says of the thought of God, —

"Mostly in hours of gloom thou comest,
When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
Of humble melancholy."

And again, among his numerous references to death as most desirable, —

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“How sweet to feel, each month that goes,
That life must soon be done!”

This accords well with Bernard’s “*De Contemptu Mundi*,” and is in marked contrast with that vigorous, hopeful tone common among Protestants, demanded by the entire current of Scripture, and evoked by the activities of this 19th century.

No. 307. — *From the cross uplifted high.* Thomas Haweis, 1732–1820. Dr. Haweis was a popular English preacher, and at one time chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon. By reading Captain Cook’s account of his voyage to the South Seas, his mind was much affected, and he desired that a missionary should be sent to Tahiti. He became one of the founders of the London Missionary Society. He composed two hundred and fifty-six hymns, and desired that the whole congregation should unite with the voice of joy and praise in worship. Of his hymns he said, “They are such as my heart indited, and they speak of the things which I have believed concerning my God and King. They all point to one object, and lead to one end, — to a crucified Jesus.”

No. 328. — *“With broken heart and contrite sigh.”* Cornelius Elven, born 1797. This excellent hymn was written to be used with the revival sermons Mr. Elven was preaching. During the forty-seven years of his pastorate at Bury St. Edmunds, his devoted labors have been crowned with a very great blessing. The church increased from forty members to over six hundred, illustrating the fact how useful his life may be who wisely devotes it to the cultivation of a single field.

No. 338. — *“O Lord, turn not Thy face away.”* John Mardley, 1562. This quaint hymn of the early days of English hymnology is still a favorite in Scotland. It is attributed to John Mardley, and its author entitled it, “The Lamentation of a Sinner.”

No. 350. — *“Just as I am, without one plea.”* Charlotte Elliott, 1833. Miss Elliott resided at Torquay and at Brighton, England, whose neighborhoods cherish her memory, having been benefited by her piety and her benefactions. Her aim in hymn-writing was usefulness in Christ’s service, and God greatly blessed her labors. The beautiful lines of Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, expressive of his own desires, were equally applicable to Miss Elliott: —

“Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart —

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Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart ;

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod,
Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men,
Or glorify my God."

No. 361.—"*O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart.*" John Frederic Oberlin, 1740–1826. Oberlin devoted his life to one field, a quiet parish (Steinthal), in a mountainous district in the northeast part of France. He found his parishioners few, ignorant, poor, and for the most part irreligious. During a course of years, by attending alike to their material and spiritual wants, he had the happiness of seeing them raised in every respect, till they had become a model people. He lived to see his people increase fivefold. They were everywhere spoken of for their piety and moral excellence, as well as for their outward prosperity. Distinguished philosophers and divines went from various countries to learn the secret of his success, the grounds of which lay first in that self-dedication he has well expressed in this hymn, and in the coöperation of devoted assistants, — some of whom were women, — and who had caught his own spirit of holy zeal and earnest piety.

No. 364. — "*Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.*" Rev. Samuel Davies, 1724–1761. A religious movement began in Virginia about the year 1740, chiefly through the reading by a wealthy planter of a few leaves of "*Boston's Fourfold State.*" To meet the spirit of inquiry, Rev. William Robinson, of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, preached to the people. He declined to receive a present of money, but the grateful people insisted, putting it into his saddle-bags. At length he accepted the money, and devoted it to the training of young Davies, who became, not only a zealous and able minister, but also the successor of Jonathan Edwards, as President of Princeton College, in 1759. He died at the early age of thirty-six, having written many sermons that were published, and several hymns admirable for unity, comprehensiveness, simplicity, and force.

No. 367. — "*Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.*" Rev. Walter Shirley, 1725–1786. Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley was of a noble family in England. He was the friend of Whitefield and Wesley, and the cousin and friend of the pious Countess of Huntingdon, in whose chapels he often preached. Like other devoted men in his day, he

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was opposed by the clergy, because of his sympathy with the great Methodist movement, and because of his devotion to Evangelical doctrine. He preached when he was no longer able to leave his house, and derived his comforts from that Source to which he pointed others in this hymn.

No. 397. — "*Jesus, my Saviour, bind me fast.*" Benjamin Beddome, 1717-1795. Beddome was pastor of the Baptist church at Bourton on the Water, Gloucestershire, England. Both Montgomery and Robert Hall speak of him as a writer worthy of honor for the quantity and quality of his hymns. Like many hymns which at first are not very attractive, they become impressive and useful on closer acquaintance. A single idea, often brought out with the terseness and simplicity of the Greek epigram, constitutes the basis of each piece.

No. 402. — "*Blest be the tie that binds.*" John Fawcett, D. D., 1739-1817. Fawcett was brought up in the Established Church of England, but left it after becoming a convert under one of Whitefield's sermons. He became pastor of the Baptist church at Wainsgate. This favorite hymn has its history. When the attractions of a London pulpit with an increased salary had been offered him, Dr. Fawcett declined the tempting offer, concluding to yield to the wishes of his poor but loving people, though every arrangement had been made for his removal. This hymn was the product of these circumstances, and was written by the author to commemorate the tie of affection that bound pastor and people so closely together.

No. 419. — "*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*" Sarah Flower Adams, 1805-1849. Mrs. Adams was the daughter of Benjamin Flower, an editor at Cambridge, England. Her mother was a lady of talent. The daughter was a person of strong sense and great religious earnestness, and produced a deep impression on those who met with her. Attentions to a beloved sister during protracted illness enfeebled her own health. Ere long she succumbed, as her sister had done, to pulmonary disease, almost her last breath bursting into unconscious song. Her hymns touchingly reflect her states of mind. This one reminds us of David's yearning after God in the 63d Psalm. No. 462, "He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower," derives great interest when regarded as the expression of her own resigned frame of mind in view of trials.

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No. 421. — "*Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.*" Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847. The author relates the fact that he was worldly and a stranger to vital religion up to a period three years subsequent to his entering the ministry of the Church of England ; but in the year 1818 he was sent for by a neighboring clergyman, who felt that he was dying, and who also felt, to his great distress, that he was unpardoned and unprepared. Together they pored over the Scriptures, and together came to the knowledge of Christian doctrine, and to the possession of Christian peace. "He died," says Lyte, "happy under the belief that though he had deeply erred, there was *One* whose death and sufferings would atone for his delinquencies, and be accepted for all that he had incurred." And he adds, "I was greatly affected by the whole matter, and brought to look at life and its issues with a different eye than before, and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done." Lyte was a true poet, singing while strength lasted, to the end of a useful life, which was cut short by pulmonary disease. It is related that in the autumn of 1847, just before taking his final journey to Nice, he made an effort to preach to his congregation at Lower Brixham, Devon, once more ; that he addressed them his solemn parting words, and administered to them the Lord's Supper, and on retiring to rest presented to a dear relative this hymn, now so precious to the church, with the music he had adapted to it. It is the true utterance of a heart deeply feeling the need of Christ's presence, and strong in the confidence that it will not be denied. Francis T. Palgrave, in a late review of hymns, states that the finest judge of English poetry, and the greatest English poet of our times, told him that he considered this hymn almost perfect.

No. 435. — "*O Thou whose sacred feet have trod.*" James D. Burns, 1823-1864. Burns was pastor of the Free Church at Dunblane, Scotland. His sufferings have given a sweetly subdued tone to his verses. After a pastorate of two years, he was obliged to leave for Madeira, on account of pulmonary disease. Again thereafter, his beloved associations were broken by the same cause. This hymn directs like sufferers to the Source whence he derived consolation. After various successful literary efforts, he died of consumption in the south of France, at the age of forty-one.

No. 451. — "*Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.*" Anne Steele, 1716-1778. Anne Steele was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, in

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Hampshire, England. The family were of good talents and means, which they devoted unreservedly to the cause of Christ. She was a sufferer from early life; was afflicted with the saddest bereavement in early womanhood, and was confined to her home by sickness during her latter years. She bore all with the resignation so beautifully expressed in this hymn, and her last triumphant words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She permitted her hymns (one hundred and forty-four in number) to be published, with the understanding that the profits were to go to benevolent objects. It is believed that no woman, and but few men, ever wrote so many hymns that have been generally acceptable in the church as did Miss Steele.

No. 459. — "*My Saviour, as Thou wilt.*" Benjamin Schmolke, 1672-1737; translated by Jane Borthwick. Schmolke was a German pastor in Silesia. He wrote more than one thousand hymns: many of them are said to have a peculiar depth and warmth, and to be of imperishable worth. The resignation he expresses in this hymn is better appreciated when the fact is known that besides other losses, he was afflicted with partial paralysis and the loss of sight, and that he was consequently obliged to desist from preaching, — the work in which he delighted.

No. 461. — "*Lord, it belongs not to my care.*" Richard Baxter, 1615-1691. Baxter's ministry at Kidderminster was one of the most active the world has ever seen. His preaching was intensely earnest, and as practical as it was spiritual; and his own prayerful and self-denying life bore witness to what he preached. He was an advocate of union between ministers of different denominations, and earnest in the missionary cause when few had begun to favor it. The above hymn is part of a longer poem entitled, "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith." It is evidently the composition of an afflicted, persecuted man. He suffered imprisonment for his "Paraphrase of the New Testament," was uncertain even of life, yet he leaned on God, and hoped for heaven. His calm courage showed that he possessed the martyr spirit. There is the following note at the end of this hymn: "*This covenant my dear wife, in her former sickness, subscribed with a cheerful will.*" Baxter's end was calm and triumphant. When asked, during his last illness, how he did, his reply was, "Almost well."

No. 464. — "*Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!*" William Williams, 1717-1791. The author of this powerful hymn was an itinerant

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preacher of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist connection. In this capacity he labored for nearly half a century, incessantly hastening from place to place in every part of the principality, to preach the gospel to listening thousands. His sermons, warm with his own fervor, bright with the vivid picturing of his lively imagination, and always radiant with the presence of his Divine Master, produced a most powerful effect upon his countrymen. He was also a great power for good in the *private society*, or church meetings, held weekly, in which there was opportunity for conversation upon religious experience, and for sympathy and counsel. He was called the Watts of Wales, and was as much celebrated for his poetry in his native tongue, as for his talent and usefulness in preaching the gospel.

No. 466. — "*O Lord, how full of sweet content.*" Jeanne B. De la Motte Guion, 1648-1717. Severe trials in early life brought to Madame Guion deep religious experiences, which resulted in her becoming a prominent advocate of Quietism, — a mystic system, characterized by the importance it attaches to the peaceful prosperity of the personal spiritual life, and by the meditative means it takes to promote that prosperity. Fénelon defended and Bossuet opposed her doctrines. She was imprisoned for her Protestant tendencies, for a period of eight months, in a convent in Paris, in 1688. She was imprisoned again in 1695, and again in 1698 in the Bastille, from which gloomy dungeon she was taken in 1702 to be banished to Blois. This hymn expresses her content and resignation under all these trials. She died in peaceful triumph at the age of seventy.

No. 473. — "*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.*" J. Henry Newman, D. D. This is by the celebrated Dr. Newman, who, with Dr. Pusey, was leader of the High Church party in England. In 1845 he passed into the Roman Catholic Church. This hymn possesses autobiographic interest. It was written twelve years before he became a Roman Catholic, when its author was on a voyage to the Mediterranean. He had just been overtaken by sickness, and his soul was passing through remarkable experiences whilst he watched with deep interest the religious movements going on in England.

No. 485. — "*I love thy kingdom, Lord.*" Timothy Dwight, D. D., 1752-1817. Under the presidency of Dr. Dwight (1795-1800), Yale College rose to the highest renown. The number of students was more than doubled; the standard of education was maintained at a

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great height ; infidelity, which had been gaining ground, was effectually checked ; and the students felt that they had in their president a personal Christian friend, as well as a prince of preceptors. Dr. Dwight was equally celebrated for the variety of his attainments, the power of his genius, and the fervor of his piety ; for his usefulness as a minister, his ability as a writer, his skill as a teacher, and his unwavering zeal for the cause of God. This hymn has proved of immense advantage to the church and a great comfort to private Christians. A member of the Brick Church, New York, of advanced age and ripe Christian character, expressed great delight in her last illness, on hearing (apparently for the first time) the following comforting stanzas : —

“ Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King !
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

“ Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The fairest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.”

She was no less surprised to learn that they formed a most important part of this very familiar hymn of Dr. Dwight ; but having been excluded from “ Watts and Select,” the book she had used for years, they were as strangely new as they were delightfully comforting to her. With astonishment she exclaimed, “ Why did they omit these verses ? ”

No. 486. — “ *Lo, God is here ! let us adore.* ” · Gerhard Tersteegen ; translated by John Wesley, 1697–1769. Tersteegen was the son of a godly tradesman of Westphalia. His father died during the son’s infancy, and the circumstances of the mother caused her to apprentice him at the age of fifteen. His religious experience was deep and remarkable. He endeavored to make his subsequent renouncement of the world and devotion of himself to God perfect and entire. His relatives, who seem to have been prosperous in worldly affairs, were at one time so ashamed of this poor and peculiar member of the family, that they refused even to hear his name mentioned ; and when he was sick, he suffered great privations. Yet he rose from being a ribbon-weaver to a life of eminent usefulness as a teacher and preacher. He became a philanthropist, devoting himself unreservedly to works of Christian usefulness. His house, which received the name of the “ Pilgrim’s Cottage,” became the resort of multitudes from his own

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and other countries. Tersteegen belonged to the Reformed German Church. He has been justly called the greatest poet of the mystical school of the 17th and 18th centuries.

No. 488. — "*O Jesus, Lord of light and grace.*" Ambrose, 340-397; translated by J. Chandler. Ambrose obtained great distinction at the bar, and was consular prefect in the province where Milan was situated, before he became eminent as an ecclesiastic. He was celebrated for the talent and justice displayed in his rules and decisions. In the year 374, the citizens of Milan chose him their bishop by popular acclamation, in which position he firmly maintained the truth against the doctrines of the Arians. At first he shrank from the high responsibility of office in the church, but subsequently gave himself unreservedly to the work. Ambrose introduced the Greek system of music into the great church of Milan in the year 386. A true instinct taught him to adopt for his hymns the most rhythmical form of Latin verse, and for his tunes a popular and congregational style of melody. In reply to some who charged him with leading away the people by the singing of hymns, Ambrose said, "A grand thing is that singing, and nothing can stand before it. For what can be more telling than that confession of the Trinity which a whole population utters, day by day? For all are eager to proclaim their faith, and in measured strains have learned to confess Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." One tune from the Ambrosian period is still preserved in Germany. It is a simple, dignified, and somewhat quaint melody, — No. 72 in the Chorale-Book for England. The Nicene period, in which he flourished, is looked back to by some with an undue reverence, as exemplifying the true character of the church; and yet in the teachings of Ambrose we find the germs of those pernicious errors which have corrupted the Roman Church, such as regard for relics, praise of celibacy and monasticism, and the assertion of extravagant prelatical pretensions. This illustrates the important truth that "it is an error to select any one ecclesiastical period as the model for all time, and any one church as the ideal of all churches."

No. 494. — "*From distant corners of our land.*" W. L. Alexander, D. D. Dr. Alexander is pastor of Argyle Chapel, Edinburgh, Scotland. He is a man of extensive and various learning. He is especially skilled in languages and in Biblical literature, and he is one of the most voluminous and scholarly of living writers. This good hymn was written some years ago for the annual meeting of the Congrega-

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tional Union of Scotland, and is generally sung on that occasion. It is exactly adapted for a meeting of ministers from remote parts, but one in purpose and heart.

No. 497. — "*Father of heaven, who hast created all.*" Albert Knapp, 1798–1864. Hymnology owes much to Albert Knapp, whom Kübler describes as "one of the most important, fertile, and talented sacred poets of modern days." He was born in Tübingen, and spent his childhood in the Black Forest. There nature's charms fostered and developed the latent powers of his genius. He studied theology, but he was at first a poet rather than a divine, and gave his heart to Goethe and Shakespeare. An evangelical preacher at Stuttgart was the means of his giving his heart to Christ, its true Master and Saviour. He subsequently became minister of the Hospital Church in Stuttgart. Besides producing his own model hymns, and translating hymns from other languages into German, he published a work containing three thousand German hymns of various dates, with brief notices of their authors. The value of this work, whereby Christians were brought more into sympathy with hymn-writers, and were made acquainted with the origin of their hymns, was very great. This perfect baptismal hymn was written for the baptism of the author's own children, and was translated into English by Catherine Winkworth.

No. 516. — "*Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?*" James George Deck, 1837. Mr. Deck was an officer of the English army on field service in India, in 1829. He returned on account of failing health, and became a minister, and is now residing in New Zealand. This hymn is of great excellence. It is itself a model of unity, while speaking eloquently of the higher Christian unity.

No. 520. — "*From Greenland's icy mountains.*" Reginald Heber, 1783–1826. The hymns of Bishop Heber are dear to every section of the Christian Church,—elegant in structure, flowing in rhythm, and charged with Christian sentiment. This favorite hymn was written by him in 1819, on the Saturday preceding the Sabbath on which his father-in-law was to preach in aid of missions, and Bishop Heber was to follow with a lecture in the evening. Impelled by missionary zeal, he accepted the bishopric of Calcutta in 1823. The extraordinary extent of his diocese, which included more than the whole of India, laid so heavy a burden upon him, that in three short years it sunk him to the grave.

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No. 536. — "*Hail to the Lord's anointed.*" James Montgomery, 1771-1854. Montgomery has been called the "Cowper of the 19th century." He was the son of a Moravian minister. Both parents died while on a mission to the West Indies, and the son was religiously educated by Moravians of ardent piety. Like Cowper he never married, and was so distrustful of his piety that he never made a public profession of religion until his forty-third year. He then united with the Moravians. Montgomery early recognized his own bent, and sought to serve the church as a poet rather than as a clergyman. For thirty-one years he was editor of the "*Iris*," at Sheffield, England, where his liberal and tolerant views brought him into disfavor with the government. He suffered by fine and imprisonment in consequence of an article on the "Fall of the Bastile." With his pen he aided the abolition of slavery and was deeply interested in missions and other benevolent objects. The memories connected with this hymn are precious. It was repeated by the poet at the close of a Wesleyan missionary meeting in 1822, where Adam Clark, who presided, begged the MS. and put this noble piece, with the Psalm it is a rendering of, in his "*Commentaries*." Among the finest of Montgomery's lyrics is that beginning "A poor wayfaring man of grief." One of the oldest and most respected of our city clergymen lately expressed his intense delight and deep emotion in having just met for the first time the whole of this hymn. Like that of Wesley, "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown," which was the admiration of Dr. Watts, it is too long for insertion among Congregational hymns. Each are inserted in mutilated forms, in some collections, but their effect is lost by the mutilations. Both may be found in Sir Roundell Palmer's "*Book of Praise*." Montgomery as a poet followed no leader, but sought to meet the requirements of worshippers. When advanced in years and seriously ill he placed in the hands of his friend Dr. Holland, transcripts of his original hymns to be read to him. But as the poet became much affected, the doctor was about to desist, when Montgomery said, "Read on, I am glad to hear you. The words recall the feelings which first suggested them, and it is good for me to be affected and humbled by the terms in which I have endeavored to provide for the expression of similar feelings in others."

No. 545. — "*The hours of evening close.*" Joan Elizabeth Conder, 1833. This hymn, valuable from any author, has a new beauty when we accept it from a Christian mother, who from principle applied herself to home duties, when her talents invited her to an easy and more

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brilliant course. The "forms of outward care" and the "thought for many things," the flock which the "guardian Shepherd" would "fold to sleep," all were realities to her as they will be to many who partake of her Christian spirit.

No. 552. — "*'Tis a point I long to know.*" John Newton, 1770. A hymn book to be most useful may properly include some lyrics better adapted to aid in the duty of meditation than they are for ordinary congregational singing, just as the "Hebrew Psalter," the best of hymn books, the best of prayer books, and the most suggestive guide in self-examination, contains some poems preëminently fitted for private use. Says Rev. H. Venn, a deeply experimental and solid divine, "I have often had recourse to the 119th Psalm when I could find no spirit of prayer in my own heart, and at length the fire was kindled and I could pray." Thus also many of our hymns, some even of the homeliest and simplest character, teach Christian doctrine in an epigrammatic style that convicts the careless, directs the inquirer, or awakens a spirit of prayer in the hearts of those who read them. An Episcopal clergyman of the city of Philadelphia has lately said that he derived the greatest benefit from the above hymn of Newton, to which his attention was directed at a time when the sentiment precisely suited his condition. Thousands of Christians could bear similar testimony regarding the influence of hymn No. 437, "I asked the Lord that I might grow."

No. 563. — "*How blest the righteous when he dies.*" Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1743-1825. This accomplished poetess was the daughter of Dr. John Aikin, who kept a school at Kibworth, England. She early became distinguished for her talents and acquirements, and late in life she wrote valuable essays and political pamphlets on the great questions of her time. This hymn is a happy illustration of how much poetry a hymn may contain without ceasing to be simple, easily intelligible, and adapted to public worship. Mrs. Barbauld's harvest hymn (No. 549), "Praise to God, immortal praise," is justly celebrated.

No. 571. — "*The hour of my departure's come.*" Michael Bruce, 1746-1767. The life of this poet was almost a counterpart of that of Henry Kirke White, who flourished a generation later. In both cases the light of genius shone forth for a time, and then was all too suddenly put out. His father was a pious weaver, who resided in Scotland. Two discerning friends, recognizing the taste and talent of the

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son, encouraged him in literary pursuits. Young Bruce studied with the ministry in view, but hard fare, great mental effort, combined with the severity of the climate, brought on a rapid decline. In 1766, at the age of twenty-one, he returned to his native village to die, sustained by that Pauline faith so beautifully set forth in this hymn.

No. 576. — "*Christ will gather in his own.*" Anonymous. The poet Francis T. Palgrave classes this hymn with Lyte's "Abide with me" (No. 421), and Newman's "Lead, kindly Light" (No. 473), as fulfilling the requirements of the best of hymns. He says, "This one is remarkable also for its simplicity and pathos; qualities which I place among the highest demanded in this province of poetry."

No. 583. — "*Dearest of names, our Lord, our King.*" Samuel Medley, 1738–1799. Medley served as midshipman in the British navy, at a time when his ship was engaged in several actions. He was at last wounded in a terrible conflict in 1759. He loved to recount God's providences as exhibited in his checkered career. He was led to embrace the gospel by hearing read one of Dr. Watts' sermons. He left the sea and became preacher to a large congregation at Liverpool, where his knowledge of maritime expressions made him especially pleasing and easily understood by his seafaring hearers. The above hymn on death and the resurrection fitly portrays his own feelings. Amongst his last words were, "I am now a poor shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbor; and O how sweet will be the port after the storm! Dying is sweet work, sweet work. I am looking to my dear Jesus, my God, my portion, my all in all; glory! glory! home! home!" Thus he departed in peace, 17th July, 1799.

No. 584. — "*Rejoice, rejoice, believers.*" L. Laurenti, 1660–1722. Laurenti, who was director of a choir at the Cathedral in Bremen, wrote more than a hundred hymns, chiefly on Scriptural passages. They are characterized by spiritual unction and simplicity, and this one is deemed of great excellence.

No. 585. — "*When came in flesh the Incarnate Word.*" Joseph Anstice, 1808–1836. The author of these beautiful lines, and of No. 463, became professor of classical literature at King's College, London, when only twenty-two years of age. He died six years thereafter. His hymns were dictated to his wife during the last few weeks of his life, and were composed just at that period of the day (the afternoon)

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when he most felt the oppression of his illness—all his brighter morning hours being given to pupils up to the very day of his death.

No. 587. — “*Great God, what do I see and hear?*” Bartholomew Ringwaldt, 1530–1598. A Lutheran pastor of Prussia. His hymns are of great excellence, and much resemble Luther’s in simplicity and power. This is in imitation of the oft-translated “*Dies-Iræ*.” Ringwaldt wrote at a period when the people suffered from famine, pestilence, fire, and flood, and his hymns were composed with the pious design of comforting others and himself in trials.

No. 589. — “*Lo, he comes, with clouds descending.*” John Cennick, 1717–1755. One of the finest hymns ever written. To Cennick belongs the credit of being the first who attempted to render the thoughts and sentiments of the “*Dies-Iræ*” in this fine appropriate measure. The “*Dies-Iræ*” has been the admiration of scholars. Dr. Johnson used to quote it, and weep as he did so. It mingled with the dying words of Sir Walter Scott, and the only hymn we have from him is, “*Day of wrath, that dreadful day.*” Cennick passed through a remarkable religious experience, and thereafter was brought into the circle of John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield. He became a teacher and preacher among the colliers at Kingswood. There the practice of keeping “*watch nights*” originated. The colliers devoted Saturday night, formerly spent in the ale-house, to prayer and praise. Mr. Wesley hearing of this, and the good done, resolved to make it general. Cennick subsequently joined the Moravians, and died at the age of thirty-eight. There was found in his pocket-book a poem entitled “*Nunc Dimittis*,” in which he expressed his languishing desire to close his service, and his sin, and to “*come up and be with Christ.*”

No. 592. — “*When rising from the bed of death.*” Joseph Addison, 1672–1719. This is given by the celebrated essayist with an article in the “*Spectator*” of October 18th, 1712, which, like the hymn, commends itself to the deep consideration of those recovering from illness. The article contains these words, “*Among all the reflections that usually arise in the mind of a sick man who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him.*”

No. 596. — “*For thee, O dear, dear country.*” Bernard of Cluny, 12th century; translated by Dr. J. M. Neale. Bernard was a talented monk

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of Cluny, when that Abbey was the greatest in France. This hymn is part of a poem of three thousand lines, entitled "*De Contemptu Mundi*," his design being to persuade men to the contempt of the world. The poem as a whole is open to the objection that it still circles about the same subject without any marked progress of thought. But the description of heaven is placed beyond the region of criticism by the dying commendation of those who have found in it the adequate expression of what Trench has happily called their "heavenly homesickness."

No. 608. — "*Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings.*" Robert Seagrave, 1730. This remarkably fine hymn was written by one whose ministry had a single object, — to rouse the Church of England and the people in general from the religious lethargy into which they had sunk. His aim was to replace the merely moral preaching of his day by thoroughly gospel preaching. Finding much discouragement in his good work of reformation within the Established Church, Mr. Seagrave, like Wesley and Whitefield, was driven by the circumstances of his time to work outside of her pale.

No. 609. — "*On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.*" Samuel Stennett, D. D., 1727-1795. Stennett is an honored name. He was eminent as a scholar, clear and forcible as a writer, and accurate and classical as a speaker. For thirty-seven years he was the beloved pastor of the Baptist church in Little Wild Street, London. He enjoyed the friendship of his sovereign George III., but refused preferment offered by him. John Howard, the eminent philanthropist, was an admiring hearer of Dr. Stennett. He says less of fear and appears of bolder confidence in his hymns, than Dr. Watts. He wrote a good cheerful hymn used by a past generation at communion seasons, No. 512, "*Come, every pious heart.*"

No. 612. — "*Jerusalem, my happy home.*" Translated from the Latin. This hymn of hymns is very ancient. The translation is believed to have been made prior to 1616, from a Latin hymn of the eighth century. The earliest publication of it in its present form is in the British Museum, and is entitled, "*A Song made by F. B. P., to the tune of Diana.*" Formerly it was attributed to David Dickson.

CHANTS. — Hymns Nos. 7 and 8. The "*Gloria in Excelsis*" is conceded to have been written before the pure doctrines now held by

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Protestants were corrupted through the ambition of popes and the assertion of unwarrantable prelatical claims. Knowing, as we do, how favorite hymns come down through the ages, we have good reason to suppose that the ascriptions of glory to our Redeemer, contained in this ancient doxology, were transmitted from the apostolic times. It is a matter of history that as early as the third century, as well as at later periods, such hymns of praise to Christ proved effectual barriers against Arianism, and at that early day they were reproachfully termed "innovations" by those who objected to the truth of their doctrines.

The "*Te Deum*" was praised by Luther as "a good symbol not less than a perfect hymn." "This great lyric," says Mr. Thomas H. Gill (a modern hymn-writer of rare ability), "recognizes every fundamental objective truth of Christianity, — the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Vicarious Redemption, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Second Coming; but," says he, "it presents these truths poetically, not dogmatically; to the adoring gaze of faith and love, not to the discriminating survey of the intellect."

In view of the increased use of chants by Presbyterians with the approval of the General Assembly, it is interesting to notice the opinion expressed some years since by one of the most eminent and discreet of our city pastors. The much lamented Dr. James W. Alexander recommended chanting as accordant with the usage in the early Christian assemblies. In his "Sacramental Discourses" he says, "There can be conceived no mode of singing God's praise more simple, grave, impressive, and truly Protestant than the chanting of the very words of Scripture by all the voices of a congregation." The chants used in the early Christian assemblies, to which he referred, were of three kinds: the Monody, by a single voice; the Antiphonal, for alternate voices; and the Choral, for all the voices. In many churches single voices chanted whilst the congregation merely joined in at the end and meditated in silence. The evils, now common, had to be guarded against also at that early day. Theatrical modulations were complained of by Jerome, in the fourth century; and the Fourth Council of Carthage, A. D. 398, appointed singers with this timely and significant injunction, appropriate for all time, — "See what thou singest with thy mouth that thou believest in thine heart, and what thou believest in thine heart thou confirmest also in thy life." A plainer chant of grave and natural tone became common, as the result of efforts to correct abuses. This repressed the caprice of the singers, and reduced them to uniformity; and in the year 705 Charlemagne enforced its observance throughout the Western church.

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NOTES ON THE CREEDS AND THE APOSTOLIC AGE.

Apostles' Creed, page xvi. This creed is called "the Apostles'," because it contains the substance of their teaching. It is referred to by Irenæus in the second century. The ancient creeds of the churches of Jerusalem, Cæsarea, Alexandria, Antioch, Rome, and Aquileia, and that preserved in the Apostolical Constitutions (supposed to have been composed in the third century), resemble it in every main particular. — Wolcott's *Sacred Archæology*, 1868.

The Nicene Creed, page xvii, is based on the creed of Cæsarea, which was adopted by the Council of Nicæa, A. D. 325. This creed supplies the best representative of the immutable faith of the Church of Christ. It is fuller in expression than the Apostolic Creed, and it teaches briefly what Divine inspiration expresses more at large. This summary of doctrine constitutes the basis of every other confession known in the church. It is embodied in the Articles of the Church of England, in the Assembly's Confession, and more or less fully in the confessions of Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, and even in those of the Greek and the Roman Catholic churches. The Scriptures alone give the true dogmatic faith, and the dogmas which have been added since they were given by inspiration of God, are those which are merely human and unworthy of confidence.

It is exceedingly instructive to trace back the history of Christian doctrine to its source, and to notice how one after another of the corrupt additions fall away. In this retrospective review, however, we must be careful to remember that we reverse the natural order, and first reach false doctrines formally announced, and thereafter their weak beginnings and subsequently we come to that earlier period when they were not.

In going backwards to the period when the whole church held to the Nicene Creed, without the corrupt additions, we first come to the dogma of immaculate conception, which falls behind us in our own day, the papal decree establishing that doctrine, being dated 8th December, 1854. Steadily tracing the course of time backwards, the dogma of purgatorial fire branches off about the middle of the 16th century, and dies away as a formal doctrine about the middle of the 12th. It was first established as a doctrine of the church by the Council of Trent, in A. D. 1563. In the early part of the 15th century

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the mutilation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, by taking away the cup from the laity, disappears. This dogma was first decreed by the Council of Constance, in A. D. 1414. A little further back, at the beginning of the 13th century, we find transubstantiation for the first time dogmatically taught, and in another two or three centuries all traces of it are lost again. It was the Council of Lateran A. D. 1216, that gave formal authorization to this term and to the doctrine. In the 12th century five of the seven sacraments of the Romish Church disappear, and the "two ordained by Christ Himself" alone survive. In the 9th century the power of canonization for the first time falls into the stream of doctrine, although the tendency to saint-worship and to incipient Mariolatry reaches further backward. In the beginning of the 6th century the papal supremacy is left behind, and with it the last formal trace of the corrupt dogmas of the East and of the West. It is a remarkable fact that supremacy was first claimed by John, Patriarch of Constantinople, and he was rebuked by Gregory the Great of Rome, who pronounced it "blasphemous and as fitly belonging to none but a forerunner of Antichrist."¹

Accepting therefore this Nicene Creed divested of the corruptions by which it has been overlaid since the 4th century, Protestants hold the faith as it gushed forth from its fountains in the Apostolic Age.

The Apostolic Age. The importance of the Apostolic Age, referred to in the preceding note, and our relations to it, are thus eloquently alluded to by Dr. Dollinger, of Munich: "That mere span of time, the first seventy years of the Christian era, is the most important in the history of mankind. The foundation of the Christian Church (then laid) closes a preparation and development of many thousand years, and is the starting-point of a new order in the world. The world before Christ and the world after Christ, that is and ever must be, the truest division of history. In these seventy years we consider only the beginnings and the simple form of the original Apostolic church, self-contained, like a seed-corn, and hiding its inner reality from strangers. But these beginnings contain the powers and secrets of a culture which, embracing the whole of humanity in its universal scope, is still, after eighteen centuries, ever receiving new life in constant growth; there is laid up in them a wealth of creative ideas, a fullness of new forms in church, in state, in art, in knowledge, and in manners, which are far indeed from being exhausted, — nay more,

¹ Grier's *Epitome of General Councils. The Dogmatic Faith.* Edward Garbett, London, 1867.

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which in time to come will bring to light developments in knowledge, and in life that as yet we can scarcely conjecture. The sharpest and most concentrated gaze of the naturalist who opens and dissects a seed-corn, cannot discern the forms potentially and substantially contained in it, or suggest what it will grow into. And just so, the acutest Greek or Roman, had he scrutinized ever so carefully and impartially the young Christian communities at his side, would either have refused to predict anything of their future progress or place in history, or would have given an entirely wrong account of what actually followed, not to say exactly the reverse of the true one. Nor only so; Christians themselves were very far from appreciating the reach and the force for the world's culture of those spiritual and moral powers laid up in the bosom of their society, and intrusted to their care and administration. On the other hand, nearly two thousand years of Christian history are spread before our eyes; we are in a position to embrace and measure the process of development, working itself out by an internal law of necessary sequence, a continually advancing and constructive process, never indeed transcending the original fullness of its internal being, but far surpassing the simple outlines and primitive forms of thought and life in the Apostolic Age. In the light of this long experience, where every age is a commentary to illustrate the preceding one, we can pierce more deeply into the spirit of the Apostolic church, and exhibit all its bearings more fully than former generations could."

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

The asterisk [*] indicates the first lines of verses other than the first, which have come to form the beginning of hymns in common use.

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Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	<i>Lyte.</i>	421
*A broken heart, my God, my King	<i>Watts.</i>	320
According to Thy gracious word	<i>Montgomery.</i>	506
A charge to keep I have	<i>Wesley.</i>	411
A few more years shall roll	<i>Bonar.</i>	614
Again our earthly cares we leave	<i>Newton.</i>	233
Again the Sabbath morn	<i>Tr. by Caswall.</i>	216
Ah, dying sinner, think on death	<i>Hymn. Christ.</i>	311
Ah, how shall fallen man	<i>Watts.</i>	276
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	<i>Watts.</i>	99
Alas, what hourly dangers rise	<i>Steele.</i>	438
A little child the Saviour came	<i>Scot. Hymnal.</i>	496
All hail the power of Jesus' name	<i>Peronnet.</i>	120
All people that on earth do dwell	<i>Attr. to Kethe.</i>	10
All praise to Thee, eternal Lord	<i>Luther.</i>	89
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	<i>Cawood.</i>	242
Alone with Thee, with Thee alone	<i>Gill.</i>	399
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound	<i>Newton.</i>	288
Am I a soldier of the cross	<i>Watts.</i>	476
And must this body die	<i>Watts.</i>	580
And will the Judge descend	<i>Doddridge.</i>	593
Angels, roll the rock away	<i>Scott.</i>	108
Another six days' work is done	<i>J. Stennett.</i>	211
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	<i>Newton.</i>	392
Arise, my soul, arise	<i>Wesley.</i>	282
Arise, my soul, my joyful powers	<i>Watts.</i>	170
Arise, O King of grace, arise	<i>Watts.</i>	490
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Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep	<i>Mrs. Mackay.</i>	564

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As pants the hart for cooling streams	<i>Tate and Brady.</i>	395
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	<i>Tr. by Campbell.</i>	517
Awake, and sing the song	<i>Hammond.</i>	166
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound	<i>Ockum.</i>	348
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	<i>Ken.</i>	247
Awake, my soul, awake to prayer	<i>Ford.</i>	269
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	<i>Doddridge.</i>	412
Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring	<i>Needham.</i>	40
Awake, our souls! away our fears	<i>Watts.</i>	416
Before Jehovah's awful throne	<i>Watts.</i>	11
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	<i>Watts.</i>	50
Behold a Stranger at the door	<i>Grigg.</i>	298
Behold the morning sun	<i>Watts.</i>	200
Behold, the mountain of the Lord	<i>Bruce.</i>	534
Behold the throne of grace	<i>Newton.</i>	382
Behold, what wondrous grace	<i>Watts.</i>	289
Beneath our feet and o'er our head	<i>Heber.</i>	553
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	<i>Newton.</i>	440
Beyond where Cedron's waters flow	<i>S. F. Smith.</i>	97
Birds have their quiet nest	<i>Monsell.</i>	360
Bless, O my soul, the living God	<i>Watts.</i>	26
Blest be the everlasting God	<i>Watts.</i>	582
Blest be the tie that binds	<i>Fawcett.</i>	402
Blest Comforter Divine	<i>Anon.</i>	180
Blest is the man whose spirit shares	<i>Lyte.</i>	407
Blest morning, whose young dawning rays	<i>Watts.</i>	213
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	<i>Wesley.</i>	287
Body of Jesus, O sweet food	<i>Coxe.</i>	505
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed	<i>Conder.</i>	514
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	<i>Heber.</i>	508
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	<i>Heber.</i>	83
Broad is the road that leads to death	<i>Watts.</i>	314
By cool Siloam's shady rill	<i>Heber.</i>	502
By faith in Christ I walk with God	<i>Newton.</i>	66
Call Jehovah thy salvation	<i>Montgomery.</i>	73
*Can aught beneath a power divine	<i>Steele.</i>	272
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Christ, whose glory fills the skies	<i>Wesley.</i>	128
Christ will gather in His own	<i>Anon.</i>	576
Come, all ye saints of God	<i>Boden.</i>	173
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	<i>Watts.</i>	239
Come, every pious heart	<i>S. Stennett.</i>	512
Come hither, all ye weary souls	<i>Watts.</i>	301
Come, Holy Spirit, come	<i>Hart.</i>	181
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, my	<i>Browne.</i>	178
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, with	<i>Watts.</i>	179
Come, labor on	<i>Hymn. Christ.</i>	417
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	<i>Watts.</i>	169
Come, let us join our friends above	<i>Wesley.</i>	404
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart	<i>Steele.</i>	396
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	<i>Newton.</i>	390
Come, O Creator-Spirit blest	<i>Tr. by Caswall.</i>	177
Come, O my soul ! in sacred lays	<i>Blacklock.</i>	55
Come, sacred Spirit, from above	<i>Doddridge.</i>	186
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	<i>Barbault.</i>	297
Come, sound His praise abroad	<i>Watts.</i>	230
Come, Thou almighty King	<i>Wesley.</i>	3
Come Thou desire of all Thy saints	<i>Steele.</i>	171
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	<i>Robinson.</i>	371
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	<i>Wesley.</i>	90
Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast	<i>Jones.</i>	303
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed	<i>Steele.</i>	299
Come we that love the Lord	<i>Watts.</i>	365
Come ye disconsolate	<i>Moore.</i>	391
Come ye sinners, poor and wretched	<i>Hart.</i>	306
Come, ye thankful people, come	<i>Alford.</i>	546
Daughter of Zion ! from the dust	<i>Montgomery.</i>	531
Dearest of all the names above	<i>Watts.</i>	172
Dearest of names, our Lord, our King	<i>Medley.</i>	583
Dear Lord and Master mine	<i>Gill.</i>	373
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	<i>Steele.</i>	144
Dear Saviour ! I am thine	<i>Doddridge.</i>	376
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall	<i>Steele.</i>	322

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Eternal source of every joy	<i>Doddridge.</i>	548
Eternal Spirit, we confess	<i>Watts.</i>	176
Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss	<i>Watts.</i>	343
Faith is a living power from heaven	<i>Hymn. Christ.</i>	342
Far as Thy name is known	<i>Watts.</i>	190
Far from my heavenly home	<i>Lyte.</i>	470
Far from my thoughts vain world begone	<i>Watts.</i>	426
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Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	<i>Cowper.</i>	368
Father, how wide Thy glory shines	<i>Watts.</i>	293
Father, I know that all my life	<i>Waring.</i>	430
Father of heaven, who hast created all	<i>A. Knapp.</i>	497
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Princeton

Jan 11 1898

Dear Dr Benson:

I received in due course of
mail the volume of Hymns. Some of
them I have read with great
pleasure & I hope to give some
quiet hour with other better
appreciation of your work. Please
accept my sincere thanks for
the gift.

There is nothing in print as to the
reproduction of the "Jacobus of Paris."
It was the joint work of Mr
Winthrop S. Gilman, the an Elder

Subject of Harmony - a copy
which I have been
sending you

Ever truly yours

Sam. O. May

